The Nation

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The Week

The argument in favor of advancing the date of inaugurating a new President of the United States is by no means so strong as the argument in favor of bringing a newly elected Congress together earlier than is done now. In the first place, the period of retardation is much less in the case of the President, who assumes office four months after his election, whereas Congress waits just thirteen months, in the absence of a special session. In the second place, the President is elected for a term twice as long. Indeed, from his own point of view, since Presidents are only human, he is elected for a provisional term of four years more. Is it too much, then, to give a man four months time in which to plan a policy and a programme that may extend over eight years? To rush a candidate from the hurly-burly of a campaign straight into the White House would take him at a disadvantage. The mere task of deciding upon his Cabinet selections requires time and study. And he is all the more entitled to a fair period of preparation when we think how much depends on the first impression a new Executive creates in the public mind. It takes months and years to atone for a false start.

Senator Root has introduced a bill to repeal that part of the Panama Canal act which exempts American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls. The sentiment is widespread that the honor of the nation demands such repeal, or, if not, the submission of the question to arbitration. There is almost literally no indication of public approval of the exemption, still less of an insistence upon it and refusal to have it passed upon by an impartial tribunal. But, so far as the feeling in the Senate is concerned, it seems that, if any step is to be taken, a straight-out repeal would be more acceptable than arbitration. We doubt not that, if the sentiment of the country is brought adequately to the notice of Congress, the repeal will be effected. The exemption has been earmarked both as a violation of the nation's plain promise and as the grant of a subsidy to an interest already completely screened from foreign competition.

There was a time when the Panama Canal was thought of chiefly as a means of promoting the world's commerce. Then its advantage to us from the point of view of naval power became a leading consideration. Even then, a very respectable element, quite apart from the promoters of the peace movement—an element entitled to a hearing in military circles—urged that the canal strip should be neutralized and not fortified. That seems long ago now; we are all thoroughly accustomed to the idea that the canal must be defended by tremendous fortifications, duly manned. But until last Sunday, the idea that we were in for the maintenance of a canal garrison equal in numbers to those of the entire United States regular army up to a few years ago probably never crossed the mind of a single individual among the general public. Yet that is what Col. Goethals nonchalantly tells the House Committee on Naval Affairs, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Indeed, we do less than justice to his position, for, if correctly quoted, what he says is that "at least" 25,000 men would be needed to guard the canal properly. There is standing room on the canal strip for more, and doubtless the time will come when 25,000 will seem an absurdly inadequate safeguard.

It was to be expected that the election of Congressman Weeks to the United States Senate from Massachusetts would widen the breach in the Republican party. Able as Mr. Weeks is conceded to be, and popular as he is with those who know him, particularly in Congress, he is none the less identified with large business affairs and with the interests of State Street. Hence, it was a foregone conclusion that the choice would be far less satisfactory to the Progressive Republicans than that of ex-Congressman McCall. The first effect of Mr. Weeks's election has been to drive Joseph Walker, a former Speaker of the House, and Republican candidate for Governor in the last campaign, into the Bull Moose party. This is a serious defection, because Mr. Walker is a man of independence and courage, who has not been identified with the inner Republican ring, and has always been well thought of in the State. In a statement explaining his action, Mr. Walker declares that the election of Mr. Weeks can have but one meaning:

> The Republican party in Massachusetts is to be permanently dominated by the old reactionary leadership, with which I have no sympathy and in which I do not believe. There seems to me now no hope for reorganization of the Republican party in which progressive principles or progressive leadership will be recognized. If the Legislature can be dominated by private and special interests in the election of a United States Senator, it can be dominated by the same interests in matters of legislation.

Had the "Money Trust" hearing been part of a criminal suit instead of a legislative inquiry, one would be tempted to suspect that Mr. George W. Perkins had been put on the stand by the defence in order to prove that concentrated capital was too inattentive to its own affairs to be dangerous to anybody else. Mr. Perkins admitted that he had been for ten years a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., for a longer period a director of the Steel Corporation, and an original member of the voting trust which controlled the Bankers' Trust Company. But he only "knew in a general way about what the Stock Exchange was and what was done there;" he had been so long out of Wall Street that he did not clearly know how new securities were distributed in underwritings by financial institutions." Considering that Mr. Perkins now classes himself as a "student," and considering what were his opportunities in Wall Street for study and knowledge of these various fields of inquiry, it must be admitted that the result is disappointing. Even the statement that a bond issue based on the desert of Sahara and issued under the auspices of the firm with which Mr. Perkins was affiliated would find a ready market and would make money for its takers, is not convincing after his profession of inability to master the subjects of Wall Street's every-day interest

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and information. But perhaps the vocation of "angel" to third-party candidates obscures and confuses recollection of things like these.

Age cannot wither nor defeat stale the infinite optimism of Uncle Joe. In comparison with him, even President Taft is a man of gloom. Reorganize the Republican party? Never. In the humble judgment of the only member of the Old Guard who defiantly refuses either to die or to surrender, there is but one course to pursue: submit to the inevitable, let the majority have its way, and wait for the hour in which, disgusted with what it has done, it gladly returns to its old love, and everybody packs his grip for Washington again. It must be conceded that the ex-Speaker has a good deal of history on his side. In 1892 even he was caught in the shadow, but in 1894 the sun came out from behind the clouds and shone with tolerable brightness for another long day. How could things go otherwise? You have, by hypothesis, two "great" parties. You put one of them in charge of affairs, and after you have stood it as long as you can, you look around for another to take its place, and there being only one other, you try it, and so on and on *ad infinitum*. Is not patience, as the veteran philosopher of Illinois says, the great virtue? No matter which party happens to be "in" at any given moment, is it not as certain as fate that it will be voted out sooner or later?

Our exports to South America have recently been increasing at a remarkable rate. A bulletin just issued by the Bureau of Statistics points out that, in the comparison between 1902 and 1912, this trade shows a far greater percentage of increase than does our export trade to any other grand division of the world. Even the absolute growth makes an impressive figure—a round hundred million dollars; our exports to South America having advanced from 38½ million dollars in 1902 to about 138 million in 1912. This is an increase of nearly 260 per cent. (not "nearly 300 per cent.," as the bulletin states), while our exports to Europe have increased only a little more than 50 per cent. But, striking as is this showing, there is nothing marvellous about it. It is precisely in these ten years that the country has been developing into a great exporter of manufactures; and naturally the increase in that line would show far more heavily in our commerce with highly prosperous and rapidly developing agricultural countries than with old and comparatively stationary manufacturing countries. Our export of manufactures for the year 1912 amounted to about 1,100 million dollars, as against about 450 million dollars ten years ago, an increase of 145 per cent., while the rest of our export trade grew from about 900 million to about 1,200 million, an increase of only 35 per cent. Thus the facts pointed to in the bulletin are in the main—though of course not exclusively—a manifestation of a general process of economic development, both here and in South America. We have been rapidly developing our manufacturing power, they have been rapidly developing their agricultural wealth; and the result is what might be expected.

The *Survey* this week contains an interesting retrospect of the first year of Mayor Blankenburg's Administration in Philadelphia. It has been most gratifying to note that the Mayor and his coadjutors have retained, without impairment, the confidence and support of the good citizenship of Philadelphia, and that apparently none of those untoward complications have arisen which sometimes discredit reform administrations that set out with high hopes and excellent intentions. In the *Survey* article, a number of concrete illustrations are given of what it has meant to make a clean sweep of "politics" and put the management of the various city departments into the hands of men chosen for fitness only. Thus Director Cooke, of the Department of Public Works, reduced the garbage contract, which had been $516,000 in 1911, to $278,000 for 1912 and to $225,000 for 1913; he has radically improved the street-cleaning service; and in the Bureau of Highways his forty inspectors are all engineers, whereas not one of the forty he found when he took hold was an engineer. A remarkable improvement has taken place in the police force, and especially in the handling of the vice problem. Methods of letting contracts which were manifestly in the interest of fraudulent contractors, who were able to underbid honest firms because their failure to come up to specifications would be connived at by the city officials, have been abolished. It looks as though the hope entertained by all lovers of decent government that the election of Mayor Blankenburg would mark the beginning of a new era in Philadelphia's history were to be fully justified.

The question of Federal control of quarantine at this port is raised again, not only by the reappearance of cholera in Europe, but also by outbreaks of bubonic plague in Central America and Cuba. They reinforce the argument that the United States should adopt the most efficient system of safeguarding its citizens from such diseases. Now, the consideration that particularly influences such experts as the members of the Public Health Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine is the necessity of divorcing quarantine control from politics. In the words of this Committee: "It is universally recognized that scientific work of any kind can be done efficiently only under the condition of permanency of office." State control insures no such condition, while Federal control does, and in addition provides for uniformity of policy, supervision of administration, and interchange of information. These considerations would seem sufficient to decide the question. When to them we add the tremendous importance of this port and its management to the entire nation; the fact that, other than Boston, it is the only port not under national control in respect to quarantine; and that even in New York the general Government controls all the services incident to the administration of the port with the single exception of quarantine, the duty of Congress appears plain.

The proposed substitution of officers for civilian instructors at the Naval Academy is indefensible from every standpoint—except, indeed, that of the men in the Department who desire to minimize the civilian influence in naval affairs, and to increase the spirit of militarism. The net result of this policy would be that officers would be withdrawn from their natural duties to attempt a task for which many, if not most of them, are unfitted by either inclination or training. What would be the consequences to the midshipmen of pursuing courses in English, chemistry, and mathematics under the guidance of instructors who would be every moment under a strain not to show that they did

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not know what they were talking about? That this is not an extreme view is evidenced by the statement of a prominent officer of the Department, who finds advantage in the very fact that, as these officers might be "rusty" in such subjects, the assignment to teach would force them to "brush up" their knowledge.

The profit of this situation to the officer is, indeed, manifest, but the benefit to those fated to sit at his feet is anything but clear. In addition to this, there would be frequent changes in the teaching staff, since officers would not be assigned permanently to any of these positions. Even the argument of economy is lacking, since the places of officers detailed to give instruction at the Academy would have to be filled by new appointments. Taking into account the difference in pay between a civilian instructor and an officer, the change in contemplation would double the cost of instruction. Is this the real motive behind the proposal—to get more officers—just as the Department is always moving heaven and earth to get more battleships? It is to be hoped that such representations will be made to Congress as will result in the restoration to the Naval Appropriation bill of the item providing for the ten civilian instructors of the junior grade now at the Academy, instead of the four to which it is proposed to reduce them.

Gov. Wilson has given an unusual proof of his courage—doubtless in Washington they are calling it "nerve"—in the position which he has taken in reference to the inaugural ball. To declaim against bosses, even to wage unrelenting war upon them, is comparatively easy; but to lay hands upon a social custom—what is this but to trifle with fate? Every four years, since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the citizens of Washington have enjoyed the privilege of paying five or ten dollars for admission to the Pension building, when Congress was not so unkind as to make them go elsewhere, and of seeing, for a fleeting moment, the new President and his wife as they appeared upon the balcony for a look at the dancing throng. Every four years the merchants of the District have spent, or rather invested, thousands of dollars in preparations for the inauguration, relying upon the proceeds of the inaugural ball for reimbursement. Upon all this Mr. Wilson has frowned. The arrangement does not strike him as befitting the dignity of an inauguration, and he makes bold to hint as much. Outside of Washington at least, there will be many to agree with him.

The question of incendiary fires, which has recently been assuming such prominence, demands attention from the standpoint of insurance methods even more seriously than from that of the criminal law. The shocking exposures that have been made in New York in the past week or two have their counterpart in Chicago, where, according to statements from responsible public officials, the practice of arson and fraudulent insurance has been carried to the point of a regular and extensive business. Chief Deputy State Fire Marshal Bock makes the explicit assertion that the business of incendiarism is organized on a regular percentage basis, and that there are three men known as insurance adjusters who "often get to fires before the firemen," having received tips that a fire is about to be started. For the prevention and punishment of these unspeakably atrocious crimes, no exertion of the power of the criminal law should be spared; but an equally necessary step is such change in fire insurance methods, and in the laws relating to fire insurance, as will remove, so far as possible, the motive for incendiarism. There are foreign examples which we might well copy in whole or in part.

"This mountain empire now occupies geographically the top of this continent. The creation of such a university as we propose will place it intellectually at the top of the greatest republic of the world." These are the final words of a statement by the Association for the Creation of a Greater University of Montana. The great obstacle to be removed is the present situation of the four existing higher institutions of learning at as many places. The University is at Missoula, 70 miles from the Idaho line; the School of Mines is 100 miles southeast of Missoula, at Butte; the Normal College is 60 miles south of Butte, at Dillon; and the Agricultural and Mechanical College is 85 miles northeast of Dillon, at Bozeman. The plan is that these departments should be consolidated at some suitable point, not only for the sake of economy, but in order to give such opportunities for higher education as would keep Montana students from going to other States. The houses of the departments that would be abandoned, it is suggested, could advantageously be taken over as polytechnic high schools. The four departments mentioned have still unsold 270,000 acres of public lands, "the picked lands of the State," and for the public schools there is still a heritage of more than 3,000,000 acres. No wonder that the creators of a Greater University of Montana look pityingly upon the inadequate campuses of Yale, Harvard, and Columbia, and talk about a "domain" for their university "of at least 5,000 acres," although 10,000 "would be far better," and "see upon Montana's soil the largest, the greatest, the most splendidly endowed and equipped university of America, if not of the world."

When John Redmond, on Thursday of last week, declared his confidence that the Home Rule bill, which the House of Commons was about to approve, would become a law within the life of the present Parliament, his prophecy was not jeered by the Unionists, as it would have been two months ago. They have had their own bitter family quarrels within that time, and if not now in a chastened mood are at least not hopeful. They are no longer talking of turning the Government out in the spring. The strategic advantage has passed to the Liberals, and their ability to keep themselves in power two years more is not seriously questioned. If they do, they can make the Home Rule bill law, even if the Lords twice throw it out, as they are, of course, expected to do. This is what Mr. Redmond meant when he said that, though the House of Lords still had some teeth left, it could not bite. Under the Parliament Act, the Commons can enact a law, by repassing it, despite the refusal of the Lords to assent to it. And this fact is the reason, too, why Bonar Law laid so much stress upon the Ulster threat to resist Home Rule even if it becomes the law of the land. What could not be beaten by argument and voting, would be beaten by rioting and revolution. The Orangemen appear to be in dead earnest, but their position is too untenable to be long maintained.

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EXHORTATION AND GOVERNMENT.

Gov. Wilson's Chicago speech has been received with enthusiastic applause in some quarters, with caustic criticism and severe condemnation in others, and with a certain friendly deprecation among a large class of hearty well-wishers of the President-elect. Its reception would have been widely different from all this if a few passages in the speech had been omitted, or even if these had been taken with their full context, instead of being lifted into special prominence in the dispatches. For the speech was in the main an exhortation to the great business men of America to show that kind of regard for the common welfare, and that kind of readiness to conform to the spirit as well as the letter of the law, which every right-minded man must feel is no more than the duty of the wealthy and prosperous citizens of a republic. And moreover it is a fact, indeed one of the salient facts of the time, that the realization of the kind of responsibility to the public on which Mr. Wilson was insisting has made extraordinary headway in recent years, and must make more if we are to grapple as we should with the problems that confront us. The mere fact, therefore, that the speech was in the nature of an exhortation to virtue could not justly be made the occasion of serious criticism.

It may be taken for granted that Mr. Wilson's own course as President will be actuated by the spirit which he seeks to promote among those whose duty is less imperative than his own. If anybody ever entertained the idea that he was going to allow himself to be influenced by "the interests," or by anything but a sincere desire to promote the general welfare, surely this must have been dispelled long ago. There was little occasion for a mere reassertion of his general attitude. And here comes in the secret of that division of feeling which his speech at Chicago —like his speech at Staunton and his speech at Trenton—has aroused. For, while these utterances were all in the main hortatory, each of them also contained a touch of the threatening. When he said at Staunton that the business men of America are "not going to be *allowed* to make any money" unless they rendered an equivalent service to the country, and that "the Government —that is to say, the moral judgment of the majority—must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not a service," he passed from the inculcation of principles to the indication of a programme. When, at Chicago, he declared that "the banking system of this country does not need to be indicted, it is convicted," he said a thing which, understood in one way, is undeniable, but which was unquestionably understood by the majority of plain Americans as meaning a kind of condemnation of the American banking world the sponsorship of which we are sure the President-elect would be most unwilling to assume. And many solid old-fashioned persons—persons who may be engaged in large business enterprises and yet be patriotic citizens of the republic, persons who are not business men at all but who understand the gravity of business questions—have been set to wondering whether there was any specific purpose behind such statements as these, and others of similar nature.

Only a few weeks remain before Mr. Wilson will be called on to shoulder a responsibility heavier than that which rests upon the holder of any other office in the world. The power of an able and popular President to shape the course of public events is almost without limit; and to every word he utters that bears on the effective issues of the time an importance is attached which he cannot control and which is sometimes far beyond his intention. What he may intend as a mere expression of general attitude may awaken expectations that are doomed to disappointment, or arouse apprehensions for which he did not mean to give any ground. Propagandas of economic change are, of all things, most prolific of such consequences. There is a place for exhortation or agitation, and there is a place for proposals of specific action. The dangerous thing is to mix the two, and when the President of the United States does that, he cannot count on the necessary corrective being applied by the public. Mr. Wilson's general purposes have been amply asserted; they have been enforced with rare eloquence and impressiveness. He is under no obligation now to go beyond these pledges of general intention; but if he does speak about banking, or taxation, or the like, what the country looks for is some specific indication of a programme. And if people are prone to find such indication when he had no intention of giving it, the fault is neither with over-zealous applauders nor with over-critical objectors, but is in the nature of things.

It is not by accident that the three foremost figures in the leadership of popular sentiment in this country in recent years are all of them given quite as much to moral exhortation as to political discussion. The fact corresponds to a certain need of the times, and to a certain change that is going on—a change for the better—in the tone of thought and of conduct. In no previous stage of our history, probably not of that of any country, can any counterpart be found to the phenomenon presented by the sermon-speeches of Bryan and Roosevelt and Wilson. But whatever of good there may be in this, and whatever of natural, there is a point beyond which it cannot go without danger, and cannot go without failure. Out of key as it may seem with the tone of the moment, the Anglo-Saxon tradition —the tradition which demands the concrete and not the abstract, the definite application and not the general principle—is by no means extinct. Social justice, equality of opportunity, and the like, may do very well to talk about for a while; but when the time approaches for something to be done, we all wish to think of the thing in terms of specific laws that may be passed, or specific executive acts that may be performed. When a man talks of social justice or equality of opportunity, he may mean anything he pleases. It all depends upon the tone of voice, and we don't care to vote either for or against a tone of voice. Wholesome as has been the moral upheaval that has been going on, it has been unwholesome, too; for it has put into the background, for the time being, that unsentimental weighing of political questions, that quiet measurement of the practical results of proposed policies, which is indispensable to sane and successful government.

REINVIGORATING THE CRIMINAL LAW.

A few years ago, President Taft, in a public address, declared that the administration of the criminal law in this country was a disgrace to our civilization. There was nothing novel in the substance of this declaration; but so emphatic an utterance, coming from the

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head of the national Government, gave to the criticisms that had long been current a standing and an effectiveness which nothing else could have so sharply brought about. And it is not taking too favorable a view of what has happened in the past few years to assert that to-day the temper of any responsible declaration on the same subject would be widely different from what it was when Mr. Taft pronounced his judgment. There has been no specific reform, there is a vast amount of room for improvement; but there has unquestionably been a remarkable toning up of the criminal law in its actual working.

In New York this revitalizing of the administration of criminal justice has been peculiarly striking. The vigor of District Attorney Whitman's prosecution of police corruption furnishes the most conspicuous element; but the expedition of Judge Goff in the procedure of his court is equally important, and the headway that is made in bringing to justice the vile gang of systematic practitioners of arson furnishes another instance. Were the matter limited to such cases—cases in which what is generally thought of as "the underworld" is the primary factor—it might have less of hopeful significance; but the MacNamara trial at Los Angeles, the trial of the forty labor-union men at Indianapolis, and the trials of Cummins, Reichmann, and Hyde, in this city, all tell the same story—the story of a new vitality in the processes of criminal justice, whether related to high or low, rich or poor, the friendless or the influential.

The change that has been taking place is an instructive illustration of the degree in which the good or evil of governmental institutions turns on the influence of public sentiment. There are doubtless specific statutory reforms that ought to be made; but the evils that had grown up were largely the result of bad habits. The undue exaltation of technicalities, the preposterous drawing out of the process of selecting a jury, and even the readiness of juries to let a trial fail through disagreement, were habits that had been allowed to thrive through indifference or inertia. There is such a thing as evil, as well as good, imperceptibly broadening down from precedent to precedent. But it is seldom that the structure of precedent becomes so solid that it cannot be broken through by the vigorous assertion of common-sense on the part of judges; and in this way a new set of precedents is introduced, which will restore the vitality sapped by the evil precedents.

Along with this reinvigoration of the criminal law there has been going on a decline in a certain phase of humanitarian agitation on the subject of crime. A few years ago, the doctrine that the only justifiable end of penal enactments was the reformation of the criminal seemed to be making great headway. In more than one conspicuous utterance, either from judges or from serious writers, it was roundly asserted that punishment has no deterrent efficacy whatever. With such a view boldly put forward by earnest men and women, and gaining serious attention, it must be difficult to infuse into the execution of existing laws that vigor which is necessary to their effective enforcement. And, while it might be impossible to trace any specific causal connection between the diminished prominence of this agitation and the increased efficiency of our criminal administration, we feel sure that the concurrence of the two things is something more than a mere coincidence.

We would by no means, however, be understood as placing under this criticism the whole movement for prison-reform. On the contrary, this movement is continually gaining head, and it is most desirable that it should be encouraged. The recent action of the Governor of Arkansas, though open to serious objection in point of method, was fine in spirit and reflected the sentiment of all right-minded people in regard to the barbarous convict-contract system. And elsewhere, there is room both for more humanity and for more intelligence in the treatment of prisoners. Hardly a day passes without bringing reports, from one State or another, of efforts to introduce honor-systems, or farm-labor colonies, or of plans for letting the convict's labor supply the means of support to his family, or some other expedient for humanizing prison life and giving the convict a chance to redeem himself. All these efforts are in the highest degree praiseworthy; and along with them there ought to be a constant strengthening of the endeavor to get the best possible class of men for prison officials. But, so long as the varieties of men are what they are, it would be madness to overlook or belittle the primary function of the penal system—the function of deterrence. And in this respect recent experience affords a rich material for instruction; only the wilfully blind can imagine that the corrupt police official, or the labor leader going into a dynamite plot, or the dishonest banker, or the systematic fire-insurance incendiary, is uninfluenced in his conduct by the question whether or not his crime is likely to land him in the penitentiary.

GENERALS AND TROOPS.

The conference of army generals which has been going on in Washington for the last few days is unique in itself, but is particularly interesting in view of the fact that much of the discussion has had to do with the future duties as generals of those participating. That a detailed scheme of army reorganization has been worked out by the General Staff is but little known, although Mr. Stimson attached to his annual report as Secretary of War the outline of the plan. It is so elaborate and in some aspects so revolutionary that the War Department itself is going at the matter in piecemeal fashion. One important subject of discussion has been the proposal to reform the housing of troops and also the military separation of the country into geographical departments and divisions.

That has been the unvarying military custom in this country in time of peace. Departments were arbitrarily set apart to be commanded usually by a brigadier-general, and there were also divisions embracing two or more departments and presided over by a major-general. This was a delightful expedient for the creating of additional red tape, since official papers then had to go from a post to a department commander, thence to division headquarters, and finally to the War Department. The department or division head was often hundreds of miles from the nearest army post in his territory, unless, as at St. Paul, there happened to be a post near his city. As a result, the American general in the years between the Civil and Spanish Wars was an anomaly among generals the world over. For he was a mere head clerk

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under the War Department; he might not see a company on drill or wear his uniform in a year's time. Promotion to the rank of general usually meant not, as abroad, close association with active troops, but separation from them—unless an Indian campaign required a Crook or a Sheridan to take the field.

In Europe, on the other hand, the general lives with and commands a brigade, or a larger body of troops, drills it constantly, leads it to manœuvres and to the grand army manœuvres, and has to demonstrate to his superiors not only that he is himself capable of commanding his men, but that he has brought their drill to the highest standard, and that he has ability as a strategist. In this country, the army was until lately too small and scattered to make this possible. Now it is proposed to adopt the European system: to abolish geographical commands and to assign generals to troops. Last year, it will be remembered, Secretary Stimson tried to get Congress to do away with most of the present army posts, which are not barracks in any sense, but extremely expensive suburban villages, located in large and handsome parks, the cost of the upkeep of which is enormous, and makes great drains upon the time of the soldiers who do the work of the posts. Partly because of politics, partly because of the great sums involved, no action was taken; local prejudices were aroused, and Senators of the Warren type who had built up great posts in their States blocked the whole matter. Obviously, it was of such importance as to require careful thought and study; the policy involved was too great an innovation to be entered upon lightly.

Until, however, this question of rehousing the troops is solved, the affiliating of the generals with troops can only go on in limping fashion. There seems to have been in the conference at Washington substantial agreement that the Continental plan is correct, but a marked difference of opinion as to whether the scheme should partly be put into effect or await a complete reorganization of the stations of troops. To our mind, the change should, for the sake of efficiency and economy, be adopted as far as possible at this time. Some brigade posts are already in existence, others can gradually be created. In New York State Gen. Bliss commands coast artillery in sea-coast defences, and three regiments of infantry scattered in four or more posts. We can see no reason why the coast artillery, which has no duties in common with mobile troops, should not be put into the proposed "inspection districts," and the three infantry regiments be given to Gen. Bliss as his brigade, to be brought together in summer time for drill as a complete organization. True, some officers might hesitate to give up control over thousands of officers and men and territory, from Maine to Washington, D. C., and Fortress Monroe, which is the extent of Gen. Bliss's present command, for three regiments of perhaps 1,800 men. But so competent an officer as Gen. Bliss would, we are sure, prefer for every military reason to subordinate his own interests to the welfare of the service.

From the standpoint of economy, the policy of concentration cannot be too highly commended. As the army has grown in size, its cost per capita has increased, not decreased, as it ought in reason to do. It is the costliest army in the world for its numbers, and none other is so coddled or so lavishly supported. The development of our railways all over the land does away with any argument for widely distributing troops. The army problem can be worked out precisely like that of a civilian business or a manufacturing one, and with a consequent saving of millions to the taxpayers.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY.

The balloting at the palace of Versailles, which resulted in the choice of Poincaré as Chief Magistrate of the third French republic, took on peculiar interest this year in several ways. In the first place, there is the fact that one of the two leading candidates is the present head of the Cabinet. M. Raymond Poincaré is admittedly a man of calibre superior to the average run of French Presidents during the last thirty years. His election will thus impair to a considerable extent the tradition that the safety of the republic calls for the election of a man of mediocrity and safety, a *bon bourgeois* who shall be content with the highly ornamental duties of the office without striving after the reality of power. In the second place, the election has occurred at a time which may not be quite described as one of international crisis, but which nevertheless renders the conduct of French foreign policy more important than any domestic question of the moment; and foreign affairs is a field in which the President does make his influence felt. In the third place, the present election has been preceded by much discussion regarding the advisability of strengthening the President's functions so as to make him in fact as well as in name the head of the Government of the republic.

M. Poincaré's success will be taken as indicating a sympathetic attitude on the part of Parliament towards the enhancement of the authority of the Presidential office. It is doubtful whether the present Radical majority leans that way. M. Clemenceau, as the veteran exponent of Radical politics, is sharply antagonistic to M. Poincaré. This may have reacted in M. Poincaré's favor by swinging to his support the members of the Moderate and Reactionary groups. But the present head of the Cabinet is elected President with the aid of the Conservative elements, and this fact will be seized by his opponents as an additional reason why the powers of the Chief Executive should not be augmented. There is one almost fatal objection of a practical nature to all proposals looking towards the removal of the so-called abuses of the parliamentary system, and the substitution of a true nationally representative régime for the present system of chaffering and endless log-rolling among parliamentary groups. Whatever merit there may be in such proposals, they emanate from sources which, to a very considerable degree, have been suspected of hostility to the republican system of government in itself. The fear of Cæsarism is not so acute as it was during the early years of the republic. But the Dreyfus affair is not so very remote after all; and no reform programme that has behind it the men who in the dark days of fifteen years ago were suspected of hostility to republican principles can commend itself to the present Radical majority.

Still another consideration is the incompatibility of a powerful Executive with the principle of Ministerial responsibility. This principle, of course, obtains as absolutely in France as it does in Great Britain. Ministries are made and unmade by the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. To increase the

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functions of the President, who is not responsible to Parliament, would be the same as increasing the functions of the Crown in Great Britain, a proposal which no British party would seriously think of bringing forward. The example of our own Presidents is not at all in point. They are representative in the sense that they are elected by the people after a prolonged contest in which public interest runs higher than on any other issue which is presented for popular decision. The President of the French republic is chosen indirectly by a body of something less than nine hundred men made up of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. The Deputies who took part in the present election were elected in May, 1910, nearly three years ago. The members of the Senate are themselves elected indirectly for a term of nine years, one-third of the Senate being renewed every three years. Of the three hundred Senators participating in the choice of a President, it is conceivable that one-third may have been elected as far back as eight years ago, or before M. Fallières was chosen President. Evidently, the candidate selected in this manner cannot pretend to be so representative of the popular will of the moment as a Cabinet dependent on an actual Parliamentary majority. Increasing the powers of the President at the expense of his Ministers would thus mean a step away from representative democracy.

But when all is said and done, the exact delimitation of power between the Executive and the Legislature is difficult. The element of personality is a factor which must be taken into account, and especially in France, which has a national habit of exalting principle by word of mouth and an equally strong habit of yielding to the fascination of personality. M. Poincaré as head of the republic may come to exercise a steadying and, within certain bounds, a directive influence on public affairs without overstepping the principle of representative government as embodied in a Ministry responsible to Parliament.

UTILITY AND DISCIPLINE.

Complaints of poor results in the teaching of modern languages, in American schools and colleges, have long been common and continue to make themselves heard. It is something of a novelty, however, to encounter them in the land where we have often been told such teaching is done to perfection. In France there is just now no small stir about the subject. At the very moment when the French Government is completing an arrangement with the Italian for the exchange of teachers of modern languages in secondary schools—whereby both the French master would teach his language to Italian pupils, and the Italian master to French, by the "direct method"—the success of the whole plan is called seriously in question. The fear is expressed that the ordinary student is getting neither a working command of the foreign language he is studying, nor the benefits of intellectual discipline.

The subject is handled vigorously by a recent article in the *Revue des Langues Vivantes*. The writer is one of the examiners for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, and sets forth particularly his experience in dealing with papers and essays offered in German. His report is pretty depressing. Except in a few cases, the work he declares to be "lamentable," and "the progress achieved is insignificant, puerile, or, in fact, non-existent." Not so good a knowledge of German grammar is displayed as is shown of Latin by candidates in the classics. This examiner asserts:

> For my own part, I have more than once in recent years been painfully surprised to find that young candidates for the degree manifested an inconceivable ignorance. They appear to be confronted with wonderful discoveries when they are told that there is a declension of adjectives in German, according to strict rules, or when they are informed that the German relative pronoun — a decidedly treacherous part of speech, they think—has a syntax of its own.

We have had dismal pictures painted for us of boys dozing over the Latin grammar and getting nothing out of their futile wrestlings with Greek except a general conviction that such a language once existed. But it appears that German or French grammar may have fully as soporific an effect upon the student, and that he may emerge from long struggles with the modern languages with little actual French—save as a thing of shreds and patches—and less German. Smattering for smattering, as much could be said for the graduate whose reading of Latin at sight was a purgatory to all concerned, as for the youth who thinks he knows Spanish or Italian because he can make his traveller's wants understood in it, and because the natives are too polite to laugh in his face at his murdering of the grammar. Let no one think that the French teachers of foreign languages have not been alert and fertile in devices to arouse the interest and spur the industry of their pupils. All the tricks of their trade they know and practice. Yet some of them sadly report that even the most varied and seductive instruction in modern tongues is no more attractive to the mind of youth than was the dreary grinding away at the Greek verb. Indeed, the *Journal des Débats* thinks that there are some signs in the French schools of a reaction towards the classics.

It would be as unfair to press this one set of facts, indicating disappointment of the hopes pinned to courses in living languages, as it would be to infer too much from statistics marshalled in favor of classical training. Picked men are picked men, whatever they study. When we are told that the men taking Greek in college easily outstrip the non-Greeks in the scientific schools, it is impossible to deny that one reason for their having taken Greek was that they had superior minds, which were bound to display their quality both then and later. But this truth at least appears clearly to come out of the whole dispute—namely, that if we think of the study of language not merely as the search for a tool, but the striving for a bracing exercise of the mind and a discipline of the perceptive and reasoning powers, the classical courses offer a robuster training than can be got by the ordinary boy out of any modern grammar.

There is no occasion to be sweepingly dogmatic about this. We have a lot of experimenting yet to do. The battle appears just now to be going strongly against Greek, which the archers of utility have sorely wounded. Yet if Greek is beginning to hold up its stricken head in France, it may do so in this country. The hope that it will may be cherished even by one who assents, in principle, to the doctrine of equivalency of subjects in education. Given the right kind of man and the right kind of teaching, discipline can no doubt be had from almost any study. But when we say so glibly, "other things being equal," we easily forget that they almost never are equal. It is barely possible, of course, that the idea of immediate utility and the idea of mental enrichment and strengthening may be

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blended; but we have to admit that in actual practice they seldom are. The useful we must, of course, attain in one way or another. Even in the United States it is now admitted that instruction in modern languages is highly important. On the Continent, we know, it is regarded as absolutely necessary. But in doing what we must it is not wise to overlook what may be optional yet of the greatest advantage. And the educational disquietude in France which we have noted is an indication that the short road to discipline may be found the longest way round.

LITERATURE IN A VACUUM.

It all began about ten years ago when Mr. Chesterton published a volume on Browning. There had been amateur scholars before, but none till then had come into so direct a clash with professional scholars. The two sorts had existed side by side, peacefully despising each other: the one having to do with authors' feelings, the other with facts. But Mr. Chesterton changed all that. He confronted previous criticism squarely, questioning its facts and generalizations. Two or three years later Mr. Shaw attacked every variety of loose Shakespearean criticism, as well as the master himself. Mr. Belloc has since got after the mediævalists, and Mr. Harris, with his own special axe, has cut off the heads of some more Shakespeareans. The work of these men is not entirely alike. Mr. Harris, for instance, having new theories to establish, has sinned exactly in the fashion which he condemns in others. But so far as their criticism is destructive, and much of it is that, it partakes of a common method. To call this method rational would confuse it with something quite different which had full sway in the eighteenth century. The solid common-sense which Dr. Johnson often employed as a supreme test finds little place in the new discipline. It might better be termed the criticism of logic. Its main concern seems to be looking for logical leaks in the reasoning of other critics. It places literature in a vacuum, apart from the vapors of prejudice and tradition, and looks it full in the face.

On this side of the water, the pastime has received a democratic twist, of which Mr. Shaw, too, has not been guiltless, and has developed into a battle between ancients, by which are meant writers half a century or more old, and moderns. Scholars have been asked to say anew why Victorian fiction is superior to our best sellers. The latter have interest, certainly reflect life, and often reveal an admirable style. It will not do to rely chiefly on the steady hold which the Victorians have had on readers. Would they have fared so well if they had had so many contemporary writers to compete with as our moderns have? Besides, to consider the mere tradition of their popularity is aside from the point, is outside the vacuum. It is as if one were to call Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" great simply because Johnson got out of bed to read it. We all know that he would have robbed his sleep equally for one of our detective stories. Here are two works, come, let us compare them. What this putting of literature in a vacuum really means is illuminating it by strictly modern lights. But it must be confessed that the game has not been unprofitable. The English coterie in particular have shown a mental agility which has put the professional scholar on his guard against haphazard statement and has brought into a sharp light the various kinds of criticism that have flourished these many years.

After the death of Matthew Arnold scholarly criticism in England permitted certain fundamental elements to be largely impaired, if not thrust into a subordinate position. The life of an author and the philosophy connected with his thought, which at the hands of truly famous critics have always been brought intimately into a discussion of his works, were in no small measure replaced by gossip and bibliography. For all his valuable services this has often been the method of Professor Saintsbury, and every one knows that when the lovable Dr. Furnivall looked up from his severe textual work and surveyed the sweep of literature, he was apt to approach it through a pleasant experience of his own, sculling on the Thames or drinking tea. This is not implying that the literary gossip of an age has no proper place in criticism; but it is time to remonstrate when it assumes the inconsequential form of the social programmes, given so freely to the world, of our young contemporary writers. As for the emphasis placed on bibliography, this, as we are all aware, was made in Germany, and involves this country quite as much as England. It has produced "scientific criticism." It makes the boast that it has corrected a vast number of errors which, if they had been known to Pope and Hazlitt and Pater, would have saved them from the ridicule of a later age. This is no doubt true, and yet it is noteworthy that when the scientific critic permits himself to speak broadly, which he does all too infrequently, he is likely to utter in only a slightly different way impressions of long standing, and by lack of sharpness to lay himself open to the quick logic of a Chesterton or a Shaw.

Then there's the "household critic." Above all, he is pleasant. And, as his audience is large, it is good to be able to add that he is quite harmless. His manner is hard to describe. He has good taste, in a puritanical sense of the word, is something of a man of the world, is a repository of anecdotes, has much that passes for ideas, and his criticism always ends happily. If he is writing of authors of the last fifty years, he has usually met them, and they are placed prettily in a setting of their own homes. The household critic is constitutionally what he is, he is born that way. He has his enthusiasms, and his appreciations are unquestionably genuine. If his scope is limited, that is through no lack of intention, but merely because his reactions upon literature are invariably ethical—again we are bound to say in the narrow sense of the word.

The household critic and the scientific critic, more than others, may take the blame to themselves if just now they are annoyed by the bustle and popularity of the vacuum critic. There never was a time better suited to robust criticism than the present day. An army of scholars have turned up the external facts of literature to such an extent that a learned man, if he cared to generalize, need not go far wrong. That uninstructed men are to-day attempting to fill in the lack is proof of a widespread yearning for criticism that is vital. If philosophy and biography in the best sense were more employed as the backbone of criticism, the confusion of the present day would be much less. Literature, to be properly studied, belongs no more in a vacuum than under a microscope.

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GOMPERZ'S GREEK THINKERS.

It was Gomperz's intention to bring his history of Greek philosophy down to the foundation of the Stoic, Epicurean, and Skeptical schools in the third century B. C. His death, while the present volume* was passing through the press, concludes, with this monograph on Aristotle and his school, what will probably remain for our generation the most popular, if not the standard, history of the subject. Philologians will still consult Zeller for the details and the evidence. But workers in other fields and the larger educated public will take their impressions of Greek philosophy and their generalizations about the Greek mind from Gomperz.

I.

The qualities of Gomperz's brilliant work are well known and have been praised by many reviewers of the earlier volumes—the picturesquely imaged style, the wealth of apt allusions and pertinent modern parallels, the frank substitution of the point of view of positive science for Zeller's modified Hegelianism, the wide interest in ideas, and the treatment of each idea in turn, not as a fact in an historical catalogue, but as a claimant for recognition at the bar of absolute truth. Gomperz has few misgivings over the competence of the tribunal constituted by the "best modern scientific thought" as he conceives it. His distinctive note, his formula, as it were, is that he is a thoroughly trained German philologist who has also studied Grote and John Stuart Mill; and his explicit elucidations, from the standpoint of the philosophy of utilitarianism and the associationist psychology, of all problems raised by ancient philosophy sometimes remind even the sympathetic reader of that "offensive lucidity" which for Nietzsche was synonymous with the name of Mill.

These qualities and their corresponding defects were especially conspicuous in the first volume, which dealt with the infinite suggestiveness of the fragmentary remains of the Pre-Socratics. The critic might have his reserves, but to the general reader the book was as fascinating as a romance. Less successful, in the volumes on Plato, was the combination of this method with the highly specialized Platonic philology of the past two or three decades devoted to the determination of the evolution of Plato's thought by the ascertainment of the dates of his dialogues. To fit himself to do justice to Plato, Gomperz should have extended his English reading from Grote and Mill to Arnold, Jowett, Froude, Martineau, Pater, and Emerson. If, for example, he had appreciated Arnold's ironical preference of Moody and Sankey to Clifford, he would hardly have written in the present volume that "Aristotle is separated even from the purified theology of his master Plato . . . by a gulf wide almost beyond belief in the light of chronology." It is not a question of chronology at all: Plato and Schleiermacher and Arnold have no more dogmatic theology than Aristotle and Haeckel and Gomperz, but they prefer to speak of religion in a different tone.

The more matter-of-fact and direct work of Aristotle is less open to misconception. His true relation to Plato will continue to be misrepresented, and his final psychology and metaphysics will always be a problem. But the ordinance and content of his systematic treatises must remain much the same in every exposition. Gomperz here challenges comparison with the exhaustive work of Zeller, which has now been accessible to English readers for some fourteen years. Here, too, Gomperz is much more interesting in cursory perusal. But his inferiority for the purposes of the student is even more marked than in the volumes on Plato. Plato can be made intelligible to the English reader without the employment of technical terms. But Aristotle's philosophy, as distinguished from his ethics and politics, cannot be understood at all without a fuller and more precise explanation of his terminology than can be found even in the appendix to this volume. Life is perhaps too short to waste on the study of Aristotle's wrestlings with the problem of "universals." But there is not the slightest use in trying to understand it if you are not willing to go beyond English terminology and master the different meanings of τὸ καθόλου and distinguish the τί ἐστιν from the τί ἦν εἶναι.

II.

Gomperz's arrangement of material is in the main that of Zeller, proceeding from logic and ontology through the physical and biological sciences to ethics, politics, and rhetoric, with occasional digressions on topics of special interest. But the space assigned to the Aristotelian treatises is proportioned not so much to their intrinsic significance or their need of elucidation as to Gomperz's personal interests or their availability for literary presentation. He seems to have adopted the Horatian rule, "quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit." The logical works are dismissed in twenty pages and two brief chapters. In the first he mildly defends the categories against Mill's contemptuous gibe that they resemble "a classification of animals into men, quadrupeds, asses, horses, and ponies." The second, on the logic proper, consists solely of a few miscellaneous observations on the value of the syllogism in answer to the objection that it is merely a *petitio principii*, and on the "Topics" as illustrating the eristic strain in Aristotle, and the weakness and the strength of his dialectic. Now, it is true that formal logic is not a "nitescent" theme for the general reader, and Mr. Schiller is supposed to have given the Aristotelian logic its *coup de grace* in a big book which American reviewers are unanimous in commending, apparently in the innocent belief that the progress of the American schoolboy is still retarded by those mediæval exercises of argumentation in mood and figure denounced by the Oxford scholar. But whatever the absolute educational value of formal logic, it is not possible to understand either Aristotle's philosophy or the history of philosophy from Aristotle to Bacon without a fuller acquaintance with the terminology and problems of the "Organon" than Gomperz's two brief chapters impart or presuppose. Of the problem of the unity of the definition, for example, which the logic, after vainly trying to solve, transmits to the metaphysics, he has little or nothing to say.

The transition from logic to metaphysics is made through two topical chapters on the antithesis between the Platonist and the Asclepiad in Aristotle. The Asclepiad is represented by the passage of nominalistic psychology at the close of the "Analytics," which Grote was never weary of praising; the Platonist is made responsible for all the mystic metaphysics and *a priori* physics which Grote and Gomperz deplore as inconsistent lapses from the true psychological standpoint elsewhere won. The opposition of the two tendencies undoubtedly exists in Aristotle, but it is a misconception to make the survival of Platonism in his thought the *fons et origo* of all his errors. Plato, in fact, committed fewer gross fallacies in science than Aristotle, and the chief source of the errors of both is not so much false metaphysics as simply the lack of knowledge which their age could not possess. The complaint, repeated after Bacon, Lange, and Grote, that they rejected the great scientific truth of atomism, involves a confusion of thought. Ancient atomism never accomplished anything for science, as the history of the Epicurean school sufficiently proves, and it is unreasonable to challenge the right of Plato and Aristotle to criticise atomism as a final philosophy merely because they could not foresee its usefulness two thousand years later as a working hypothesis of science. The neglect of this distinction is, indeed, the chief obstacle to the modern reader's understanding of both Plato and Aristotle. They both use the absurd science of their day in the illustration and discussion of those ultimate concepts of science, ethics, and religion, in the analysis and correlation of which we have advanced little

*Greek Thinkers. By Theodor Gomperz, Vol. IV. Translated by G. G. Berry. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

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beyond Aristotle, and not at all beyond Plato. The working scientist content with working hypotheses may dismiss all such disquisitions as logomachies or make his correlations "by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman." But no professor of philosophy who takes Herbert Spencer or M. Bergson seriously is logically justified in an attitude of condescending allowance for the immaturity of the thought of Plato and Aristotle. In his censure of Plato and in certain chapters of his logical and biological works Aristotle seems to speak the language of positive, empirical, and nominalistic science. But unless you are prepared to go the whole way with "Mill on Hamilton," it is uncritical to single out these passages for special praise as representative of the true Aristotle, and to lament with Gomperz that "after once gaining the shore, he could have slipped back into the vortex of doubt and allowed himself to be engulfed in the depths of Platonic mysticism." It was as impossible for Aristotle to accept "Mill on Hamilton" as the final philosophy as it was for Plato or is for Bergson and Maeterlinck; and the "vortex of Platonic mysticism" is simply that problem of the ultimate nature of conceptual thought which still baffles the powers of expression, if not the analysis, of the few psychologists who venture to grapple with it.

In a closely reasoned chapter on chance and necessity Gomperz argues for once against the view of Grote and Mill, who affirm that Aristotle denied the universality of causation and treated accident as an objective fact under the name of chance or spontaneity. He seems to be unacquainted with Mr. D. D. Heath's anticipation of his argument in the seventh and eighth volumes of the English *Journal of Philology*. The question is perhaps insoluble; for it turns first on Aristotle's doctrine of the freedom of the will, and, second, on the possibility of conceiving an unbroken chain of causation extending from the First Mover through all the seeming irregularities of the weather that obtains in the sphere of mutability below the moon. But if Aristotle's faith in the reign of law was as fixed as Gomperz assumes, why did he not more explicitly approve the pre-Socratic dictum which he quotes, that chance is merely a name for our ignorance of the real cause?

From the defence of Aristotle's scientific orthodoxy on this point, Gomperz passes to the doctrine of the four causes and the special sciences that arise from their application in different fields of investigation. The physical works proper, he passes over very lightly, using them mainly for the illustration of the limitations of Aristotle's mind and the defects of his method—that corruption of physics by logic of which Bacon complained. More interesting are the chapters on the great biological works, enriched by illustrations taken from Meyer, Pouchet, Lewes, and the author's own readings in modern biology. Gomperz here and elsewhere rightly protests against the misconception, encouraged by Zeller's equivocal use of the word "development," that Aristotle was in any fair sense of the term an evolutionist either in biology or general philosophy. The paradoxical juxtaposition in these biological writings of amazing knowledge and grotesque errors can be explained only on the supposition that Aristotle took over from his predecessors vast collections of facts which he had no time to verify.

The chapters on "Psychology" consist mainly of suggestive, but unsystematic, observations on special points of interest—dreams, memory, and recollection, the correlation of a sensitive skin with superior intelligence, and Aristotle's alleged anticipation of Berkeley in the belief that distance, size, and form are mediately perceived through inference. The insoluble problem of the *nous* or highest reason is brought no nearer solution, but supplies a transition to the chapters on theology and astronomy. Gomperz declines to prolong the lines of the "Physics," "Metaphysics," and "De Anima" to their meeting-point in the unifying dogma that God, the prime-mover and self-thinking thought, is identical with the totality of conceptual forms which are the Aristotelian equivalent of the Platonic ideas. The whole subject is distasteful to our author, and he takes his leave of "this uninspiring portion of Aristotle's doctrine" with the confession that "much in it remains for us utterly obscure."

III.

One hundred and sixty-four pages, nearly half of the entire exposition of Aristotle's thought, is devoted to a running analysis and criticism of the "Ethics" and "Politics." Little space is wasted on the philological problem of the composition and order of the books in the two treatises. Both, Gomperz thinks, are the publication from notes of pupils and manuscripts of the teacher of courses of lectures often repeated, sometimes in varying order. The existing arrangement of the books of the "Ethics" is, he maintains, excellent. If the discussion of the virtues was to be continuous, there was no other place for the book on self-control and for the two books on friendship except that which they now occupy. Similarly, though with less confidence, he rejects the transposition of the two unfinished books on the ideal state from their present place at the end of the "Politics." Aristotle may sometimes, in his lectures, have adopted a Platonic order, and treated existing states as degenerations from an ideal. But the empirical, scientific spirit would ordinarily lead him to describe what is before depicting what ought to be.

The summaries are well executed, and each idea as it emerges is judged at the bar of Gomperz's own enlightened modern liberalism. But this leisurely, diffuse treatment, though rich in interesting observations of detail, occupies space which would have been better given to an illuminating and comprehensive historical criticism of the works as a whole. The detailed exposition as Aristotelian doctrine of much that is mere Platonic commonplace is both superfluous and misleading. The reader who seeks only that can find it for himself in Welldon's translation of the "Ethics" and Jowett's translation of the "Politics." What we miss is the perpetual confrontation with the ideas of Plato and Isocrates, which is the first requisite of a truly historic and critical estimate of these books. For the "Ethics" the materials for such a comparison were in large part before Gomperz in the edition of Burnet, to which he awards high, but not excessive, praise, but he has not used them. There are, of course, many references to Plato, and Gomperz himself must have been aware of many coincidences which he does not mention. But, though such was doubtless not his intention, his résumés will leave upon the reader the impression that Plato's political and ethical thought was negligible as compared with the greater fulness and sobriety of his successor, that Aristotle solved problems which he merely evaded, or in some cases that there is no problem. The first misapprehension results from his neglect to mention Plato's anticipation of ideas expounded in great detail as parts of the Aristotelian system; the second may be illustrated by his singling out for praise, and as proof of Aristotle's superiority "both over ancient and modern intellectuals," the sentence which he renders, "for reason alone sets nothing in motion." The true meaning of this is given by Welldon: "the mere intellect has no motive power; it must be intellect directed to a certain end." Aristotle, as a matter of fact, nowhere in the "Ethics" succeeds in clearing up the problem of the relations of "right reason" and will, or the "orectic" faculty, in the determination of conduct. Gomperz treats as the solution of this problem what is merely an evasion of it by the verbal distinction between the "theoretic" and the "practical" reason. Thirdly, Gomperz seems to ignore the existence of the problem, when, in praising Aristotle's tranquil acceptance of the formula (attributed to Thrasymachus in the "Republic") that "justice is the good of another," he adds,

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"he does not trouble himself about any eudæmonistic foundation." But, though modern utilitarians persist in imitating the proverbial ostrich, the problem of the "eudæmonistic foundation," that is, the "sanction" which provides the individual with a motive for social conduct, will always remain, as it is in Plato, the supreme test of any ethical philosophy that endeavors to face the facts.

IV.

The brief chapter on the "Poetics" touches lightly on topics which Gomperz had treated more fully elsewhere. He assumes that the Katharsis question is settled in favor of the medical meaning, "purgation," and, like other advocates of the extreme rigor of this view, ignores the fact that purgation may imply, as it does in Plato, purification of what remains. He dwells upon Aristotle's neglect of lyric poetry, and, with the majority of commentators on the "Poetics," creates unnecessary difficulties for himself by misapprehending the Platonic and Aristotelian meaning of "imitation." By μίμησις they usually meant the representation or suggestion of the emotions and states of feeling that accompany the actions or are associated with the objects imitated. In this sense, a lyric may be as truly an imitation as is a dialogue. Gomperz thinks that it "was reserved for the genius of Aristotle to free the concept of poetry from the external mark of versification." Mr. Saintsbury would regard this as the loss of a valuable distinction of common sense. But, however that may be, Aristotle is certainly not the originator of the obvious generalization that assimilates artistic or imaginative prose to poetry. It is implied by Isocrates, and still more clearly in Plato's ironical application of the name poet to Lysias as author of the erotic discourse in the "Phædrus."

V.

The exposition of Aristotle concludes with a résumé of the content of the "Rhetoric," which Gomperz accepts entire and places last because he believes that it was, in fact, one of the latest works. In this he relies on references in the "Poetics" which imply that the "Politics" had been written and that the "Rhetoric" was still to come. But whatever may be the date of the composition of the extant treatise, there is a well-authenticated tradition that Aristotle lectured on rhetoric in the lifetime of Plato, and in a genetic exposition of Aristotle's life-work, the "Rhetoric" ought to be associated with the "Topics" in an introductory chapter describing his methods and the dominant interests of his mind. Gomperz sometimes suggests this way of interpreting Aristotle, but apparently shrank from the labor that such a redistribution of the immense material would involve. His book is thus a compromise between this method, the old encyclopædic method, and an exposition in the presumed order of composition of the extant works. The order of composition is uncertain, and in any case the extant works represent the systematic thought of Aristotle's maturity in which there is little observable development. Gomperz's one attempt in this direction is not encouraging. The biological works, he tells us, are later than the "Physics," and we may expect to find here a "culminating height of intellectual maturity." He finds it in an "extraordinary piece of self-correction. Fire is removed from the series of elements and now conceived as a phenomenon accompanying processes of which any of the three remaining elements may be the seat." This would be indeed extraordinary, if true. But it is a complete misunderstanding. All the elements are mixed in our experience. We do not know any in absolute purity; least of all, dwelling as we do in the region of earth, water, and air, can we know pure elementary fire. Its place is at the outer circumference of the atmosphere adjoining the sphere of the moon.

The encyclopædic method of Zeller is convenient for reference, and may usefully supplement a more penetrating analysis. But it envelops with a disguising robe of omniscience and objectivity what under scrutiny proves to be a very fallible and human, though almost superhumanly comprehensive and active, intelligence. What Plato says of Homer's inspired omniscience is true of all encyclopædic and universal philosophers: "When anybody tells us that he has met a man who knows all arts and sciences, we must assume him to be a very simple person who has been deceived by some pretence and imitation of knowledge." The first step towards the real understanding of an Aristotle, a Leibnitz, or a Herbert Spencer is to distinguish what they actually knew, what they studied and mastered before the age of thirty-five, from what they crammed or copied or deduced to fill up the compartments of their systems. What Aristotle knew best was Platonic dialectic, Isocratean rhetoric, and the practice of Athenian fourth-century oratory and debate. From these he generalized and systematized formulas, definitions, and methods, which constituted the content of his "Logic," "Topics," and "Rhetoric," and the framework of all his later study and thinking. Second to this comes, on the one hand, the great body of ethical, political, and philosophical ideas, dispersed through the Platonic dialogues, which he seems almost to have tabulated and indexed for use; and, on the other hand, the enormous collection of biological facts which it is customary to say was a part of his inheritance as an Asclepiad. From these sources, with elaborations and additions of his own, grew the "Ethics," "Politics," and biological treatises. The rest is encyclopædic and doctoral dissertation, valuable when, as in the "Constitution of Athens," it rested on a good compilation of facts, nearly worthless when, as in the "Physics," the logical mill ground *in vacuo*. An exposition on these lines would give us the real Aristotle. The studious reader could almost construct it for himself from the footnotes of Zeller. Gomperz does little more than suggest it, and the work still remains to be done. The present volume will none the less probably long remain the most attractive and stimulating account of Aristotle available to the general reader. It includes, in addition, chapters on the Old Academy and on the successors of Aristotle from Theophrastus to Strato, which I have no space to discuss. The translation was revised by Gomperz himself; it reads easily, and appears to be correct so far as I have tested it.

PAUL SHOREY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library of the late Matthew C. D. Borden, which, with his collection of paintings, will be sold at auction by the American Art Association during the winter, is in many respects a notable collection. Mr. Borden was not as intimately acquainted with his books as was Mr. Hoe, indeed he was a collector for a comparatively short time, but what he purchased he wished to be the very best of its kind. Instead of making up sets, book by book, of first editions, he generally preferred to have the preliminary work of assembling, collating, nd binding done by some one else.

His set of the writings of Charles Dickens is one of the most valuable ever offered for sale. It is the set brought together by Mrs. Norton Q. Pope, added to and bound uniformly after her death. It is especially rich in inserted drawings, either the originals of the illustrations of the first editions of the books themselves, or other drawings by well-known Dickens illustrators. The "Pickwick" contains no less than thirty-four drawings by H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), mainly the originals of the famous illustrations, besides twenty drawings by F. W. Pailthorpe and drawings or prints by Crowquill, Onwhyn, and Heath. The "Oliver Twist" contains twenty-six drawings by George Cruikshank, being the twenty-four illustrations of the book with two additional sketches, and twenty drawings by Pailthorpe, besides a series of twenty-seven pen-and-ink drawings by an unidentified artist. The set includes two manuscripts, "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners and their Treasures," of which chapters, i and iii, 51 leaves, were by Dickens, and chapter ii, 39 leaves, by Wilkie Collins; and "A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree," more than half of which is in Dickens's autograph, and the balance by W. H. Wills.

Mr. Borden's set of first editions of Thackeray is very fine. It includes the rare

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"Flore et Zephyr" (1836), with an original drawing by Thackeray; complete sets of the *Snob* and the *Gownsman*, the two little college papers to which Thackeray contributed; "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841), and other rarities.

Among other authors, collected sets of whose works are in the Borden library, are Goldsmith, George Borrow, Marryat, Lever, Ainsworth, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Leigh Hunt, Blackmore, Hardy, Swinburne, Stevenson, and Kipling.

Among the early printed books the first edition of Homer (Florence, 1488), 2 vols., folio, is easily the most important. Of early English books the library contains the four folios of Shakespeare; Holinshed's "Chronicles," first edition (1577); Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1553); Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566-67); "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667, and first editions of "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Areopagitica"; and the first five editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler." Burns's "Poems," the first or Kilmarnock edition; the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe"; Wordsworth's first two books, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" (1793), most interesting association copies; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"; Keats's three volumes of verse, and a long list of Shelley first editions, are among the books of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There are some remarkable extra illustrated sets, among which are the Augustin Daly set of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," four volumes extended to twenty-five; Boswell's Johnson; Lady Jackson's Works; Burns's Works, extended to thirteen volumes, and with several manuscript poems inserted; Irving's "Life of Washington"; and many others.

A collection of engraved views of New York City and vicinity, bound in twelve volumes, folio, is certain to bring a great price, as will also the collection of two hundred and twenty-five autograph military dispatches of Gen. Grant, 1864 and 1865, and correspondence of Grant and President Johnson, bound up in two volumes. These dispatches of Grant are the originals written out by him in his own hand, which were apparently preserved by the telegraph operator.

A complete set of John J. Gould's "Ornithological Works," forty-three volumes, folio, with about three thousand colored plates; Audubon's "Birds" and "Quadrupeds," the first octavo editions, bound from the parts; and Lilford's "Birds of the British Islands," are among the notable works on natural history in the collection.

Some ten years ago Mr. Borden acquired the remarkable collection of Cruikshank drawings and engravings brought together by John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, who was a close personal friend of George Cruikshank. Mr. Gough's interest was confined to the pictorial matter only, so that he preserved only the engravings and discarded the text in almost every case. This method is not in accordance with present-day collecting, but the great size and comparative completeness of the collection, together with the fact that many of the plates are autographed by Cruikshank himself, make it a rich prize and one the possession of which would make any library famous. After Mr. Borden acquired the collection he had it put into the best shape and handsomely bound by the Club Bindery at an expense of many hundreds of dollars. Besides this Cruikshank collection Mr. Borden's library contains many books with colored plates by Leech, Rowlandson, Alken, and others.

Of their more important books it has been the custom of the Grolier Club to print two, or at most three, copies on vellum. Mr. Borden was able to acquire a number of these vellum copies, including "A Decree of Star Chamber Concerning Printing," "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "Peg Woffington," De Vinne's "Christopher Plantin," Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," Matthews's "Modern Bookbinding," Conway's "Barons of the Potomac," Donne's "Poems," "Two Note-books of Thomas Carlyle," "Life of Count Hoym," and the "Catalogue of Books from the Libraries of Celebrated Bibliophiles." These were for the most part acquired at the Frederick W. French sale in Boston in 1901. The Kelmscott Press books are, many of them, vellum copies, and Mr. Andrews's "Among My Books" is one of the two copies printed on vellum. This is the only one of all the books issued by this well-known amateur of which any copies were printed on vellum.

Before his death Mr. Borden had had a catalogue of his library prepared and printed, two volumes quarto, fifty copies only, but it seems never to have been circulated by him, though the title pages are dated 1910. From one of these copies of the private catalogue these notes have been made. The American Art Association sales-catalogue is not yet ready.

Correspondence

SHAKESPEARE AND HERBERT AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The significance of the first passage from Whyte, which I cited (*Nation*, December 5, 1912), as "overlooked," has been effectively and universally obscured by the manner of Mr. Tyler's allusion to it in the foot-note to which Professor Newcomer refers (*Nation*, January 16). Its bearing either upon the facts or upon the Herbert theory was not clear to me until I had put beside it the complete citation. I venture to say without this it could scarcely be clear to others. Mr. Tyler says (p. 44):

> It was in the spring of the year just named [1598] that, according to Rowland Whyte (Sidney Papers, Vol. II, p. 43), William Herbert was to commence residing permanently in London.

His footnote upon this statement reads as follows:

> "My Lord Harbart hath with much adoe brought his Father to consent that he may live at London, yet not before the next Springe." And about a week later, April 27, 1597, Whyte again speaks of Herbert's coming to London "next spring," that is, if "Leiden" is a misprint for "London."

No reason is given for this lightly supposed misprint. It is a supposition airily enabling a warping of evidence directly opposed to that first quoted into a semblance of corroborating it. The passage thus obscured I cite again: "I heare that my Lord Harbart the next Spring shall come to Leiden." The newsman of Sir Robert Sydney corrects the first news he gave by this second news. So I read his letters.

I may add that I examined the "Sydney Letters" with relation to accuracy and typography and found more than usual carefulness on the part of the eighteenth century transcriber and editor of the original MSS., Arthur Collins. One evidence of it is his calendaring of old-style and new-style chronology; another, the preciseness of references to names of places, italicized throughout according to older customs.

I avoided bringing this obscuring foot-note in when writing before to the *Nation* because I desired not to involve with any controversial matter my space for a brief unvarnished record of the evidence. I desired to set the fresh facts in order with old ones in point, and put them only in such due relation to the context of the "Sydney Letters" as would afford a true glimpse of the affiliations there shown of the Pembrokes with the Low Countries and with Lord Herbert's uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, Governor of Flushing.

Charlotte Porter.

Cambridge, Mass., January 9.

TOO MUCH PREACHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent utterances of President-elect Wilson indicate, it seems to some of us, a lack of appreciation of the conditions commercial and financial. His attitude is similar to that of the numerous brood of self-constituted and amateurish "uplifters" and "reformers" who swarm throughout the land and flood the editorial columns of our daily papers. Nobody objects to the general statement that wrong is wrong whether in big or little men, and further that there should be a power not ourselves to punish the iniquitous.

It is indeed true that the doughty rough-rider has accustomed us to Presidential preachments and almost daily proclamations on the exceeding sinfulness of sin. But it is a little disappointing to turn from the big-stick to the big-whip and the high-swung gallows of Haman, to turn from bombast to fustian. The preacher who is constantly exposing the fires of hell runs the danger of working his people up to a pitch of excitement ill-suited to that quietness and confidence in which strength lies.

Henry Leverett Chase.

St. Louis, Mo., January 15.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND PRIVATE PRACTICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The difficulty of obtaining authoritative evidence in respect to certain political usages is often great. Rather longer ago than two years I called attention (*Nation*, September 22, 1910) to the question whether the Attorney-General of the United States would be violating any custom or rule of honor in accepting private practice in case he had time to do so. The custom was well enough known in early days, indeed up to 1853. But it was strongly disapproved by Caleb Cushing in 1854 (6 "Opinions of the Attorneys-General," pp. 326-355). A bit of new evidence on the subject may be found in "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir," by Moorfield

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Storey and Edward W. Emerson. On Fast Day, 1870, Attorney-General Hoar wrote to his wife as follows:

I have argued a case two hours to-day—that's instead of *preaching*—have received a small fee for it—it being for a private client—and so send you $100—that's for *charity*—which "begins at home" (p. 205).

Mr. Hoar, it may be recalled, served as Attorney-General under President Grant from March 5, 1869, to July 7, 1870. Perhaps some one of your readers can shed further light on the custom with reference to more recent days.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., January 13.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* is much mistaken if it thinks (see editorial, January 16) that the new American fashions are going to be provincial. How absurd it would be to say that American architecture is provincial simply because it is not Parisian! The naïve belief that good things in dress come from Paris is merely a relic of an undeveloped artistic sense, and now that the country has been fully awakened to its silliness, there will be no trouble in making it a thing of the past. My prediction against yours!

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Columbia University, January 17.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading H. G. Wells's latest, "Marriage," I unearthed this precious gem of locution, in Book II, chapter the third; "My dear! *Aren't I* a feminist? Don't I want woman fine and sane and responsible?" The italics are mine. I remember meeting the same formula elsewhere in contemporary fiction, but have forgotten to note volume and chapter. Now, if Mr. Wells were of the *indocti*, one might swallow the formula as a mere Cockneyism. But he is supposed to represent, or at least reflect, Young Oxford, and his hero, Trafford, is the latest word in British science and culture. What, then, are we to do with such a barbarism? One of my colleagues, an Oxford man, suggests this explanation: Assuming the abbreviation *A'nt I* for *Am not I*, also assuming the heavy English *a* sound, we get a spoken *Ah'nt I*, of which the *Ahn't* may be mistaken for *Aren't*. Well, I have my doubts, but give the explanation as proposed, and pass on to the question, whether we Anglo-Americans are losing all sense of grammar. Anything "goes" apparently, if uttered in the tone of "authority," and no one seems able to think. Our utterance runs in grooves. Because we say: Isn't he, Aren't we, therefore we must say A'nt (Am not) I. Is there anything to prevent us from saying Am I not? Or shall we all jabber and scribble indiscriminately? Of course, every one knows the *jus et norma loquendi* doctrine. But every one ought to remember also that the same poet advises you to lock up your lines ten years before letting them loose, and took infinite pains to make his every word and phrase tally with the ultimate genius of his mother tongue. His authority was that of reason, not of blind following. And I am one of those relics of a past age who maintain that not even an act of Parliament or a constitutional amendment can make poor grammar and diction good. Accordingly, I appeal to *Nation* readers: Aren't I justified in rebelling?

J. M. HART.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 10.

Literature

A QUEEN'S DIARY.

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries Between the Years 1832 and 1840. Published by Authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., C.C.V.O. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

The selection from Victoria's correspondence published five years ago revealed the Queen's character in its early maturity. The present extracts from her girlish diary, made by Lord Esher (co-editor with Mr. A. C. Benson of the Letters), show the conditions and influences under which that character was formed. The young Princess began to keep a journal at thirteen, when she must have had an inkling, at least, as to her destiny. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was an ambitious and not tactful woman, and had already begun to irritate King William by taking her daughter about the country in a series of what he called "royal progresses." She seems to have meant to make the Princess happy; but surrounded her with neutral or odious persons. She spared no pains in having her educated according to the best standard she knew; but that standard was low. "It was," says Lord Esher, "precisely what might have been expected from one whose youth had been spent in a small German court, and whose later opportunities had not brought her into contact with highly trained and thoughtful minds."

This is easy to understand: the odd fact is that the commonplace rearing of the heir to the English throne was not only permitted but approved by the England of that day. The Dean of Chester superintended the studies of her childhood; and when the Bishops of London and Lincoln were called upon to investigate the results, they did not hesitate to report favorably to Parliament upon her intellectual attainments, and to give the Duchess credit for due care. In fact, the Princess had the education then held proper for a lady: she learned to draw a little, to sing a little, to play a little—music then meant Italian music—and she got something more than a smattering of modern languages. Of great literature, of history, of politics, she knew nothing. Lord Esher believes that this may have been fortunate—agreeing with a foreign observer that the Queen might not have "maintained through life her admirable mental equilibrium if education had developed in her high intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination." He adds:

> The Queen's teachers were excellent, commonplace people, and they left precisely those traces on her mind that might have been expected. Her character was another matter. They could not and did not influence that, and it is the character of the Queen that places her in the small category of rulers who have not only deserved well of their country, but have left an indelible stamp upon the life of their people.

That the good Queen was morally great and mentally sound the world will never forget. That she had latent in her either intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination is itself a fantastic, not to say humorous, speculation. Many a woman's taste for reading or zest for thinking has been born in her after she has reached the end of her teens. As Queen, Victoria had the widest opportunities for development; but in matters of taste or of high speculation, there was nothing to develop.

The earlier journals show her as a commonplace and even rather dull little girl. The entries record with deadly accuracy the daily incidents of life. Setting out upon one of their "progresses," they leave Kensington Palace at six minutes past seven; they reach Barnet at five minutes past half-past nine; at one minute to four they change horses at Dunchurch, etc. As for what is to be seen from the royal carriage, things are "very pretty" or "very dusty"; people cheer as they pass through some town; a mayor gives her a box full of Shrewsbury cakes; now and then it rains. It is well that the editor has given relatively little space to extracts from the journals of the earlier years. The fact that they were open to the inspection of the Princess's mother and governess accounts in part, no doubt, for their dulness.

Once the diarist becomes Queen, her tone changes, both because she has more to write about, and because she is writing for herself. It remains the diary of a young girl with rather narrow and personal interests. She takes her accession to the throne for granted, as she would have taken for granted the inheritance of great wealth. She writes fondly and even gushingly about the people and things nearest to her: not, one notices, her mother, but her governess, her singing teacher, her horse, her dog, this uncle or that cousin. But she is sentimental rather than devoted. She is troubled by such poverty and suffering as are thrust upon her attention, but does not think of them if she can avoid it. Her attitude towards persons outside the court circle is reserved and proud.

The truth is, if it were not for the appearance of a single figure in these

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pages, they would be of very mild interest. The Princess, the young Queen, had little knack at self-expression; she was a recorder; and until Lord Melbourne came into her daily life she had found little worth recording. From the moment when his name is first mentioned, her diary begins to be literature in a sense in which nothing she wrote before or after was literature. Lord Melbourne was her sole masterpiece. At the time of her accession he was at the head of the Whig Government, a man barely past middle age, a seasoned courtier, and a statesman of no mean order. To him fell the delicate task of training the ignorant young Princess to play her part as Queen. From him she must learn her first lessons in politics and statecraft; the relations of the sovereign to the personnel of her court, and to the Government; and the principles of her conduct on public occasions. It was a fortunate chance which gave Melbourne this office. He at once gained the confidence and affection of his pupil, as Peel, for example, could not possibly have done, and guided her with almost unerring skill among the intricate paths of royal conduct.

But it is the young Queen's almost Boswellian portraiture of her Prime Minister which gives her journal of these years its distinct charm. From 1837 to 1840 it is chiefly a record of her meetings with Lord Melbourne, how he looked, what he did, and, above all, what he said. In critical or selective instinct the diarist seems to be deficient; yet her reports of Melbourne have the cumulative value of Boswell's on Johnson. He was the first person of strong native individuality with whom she came into close contact, and she promptly surrendered to his influence and his charm. He was still in his fifties, still handsome and full of vitality, a delightful companion as well as an invaluable counsellor. Everything about him interested her: his ancestry, his school-days at Eton, his lightest chat as well as his serious opinions. The latter were often whimsical and bluntly put. Courtly in the acts of composition and of public speech, he chooses the simplest vernacular for his intimates. It is odd to find at least a passive sense of humor developing in this matter-of-fact daughter of the house of Hanover. His sallies draw from her "fits of laughter"—due tribute of delighted and puzzled maidenhood to an acknowledged "case," on whatever social plane. She counts upon his companionship—wishes to have him always by her on public occasions—she "feels safer so"; and when he is obliged to warn her that she cannot expect a visit from him of a Sunday, she makes him promise to give her an extra day the following week "to make up for it." Many of the entries begin with "He said" or "He came"—there being plainly but a single owner of that pronoun in her intimate life. As for the paragon himself, he soon became engrossed in the task which had been undertaken as a duty. There was a tinge of romance in the relation between the accomplished man of the world and the young girl, of which the Queen was apparently a little ashamed in later years. To a passage in which the maiden Victoria exclaims: "God knows! *no Minister, no friend* EVER possessed it [confidence] so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine!"—Victoria the matron appended, in 1842, a note, the only note by her here printed, as follows:

> Reading this again, I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness mine was then, and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved Husband, real and solid happiness, which no Politics, no worldly reverses can change.

One naturally looks with some curiosity for Prince Albert's appearance in these journals. There are two or three early mentions of him as a favorite cousin, but his name first takes on importance in an entry of April, 1839. Victoria's uncle, King Leopold of Belgium, had long wished to bring about a marriage between his son, Albert, and his royal niece. The scene in which the young Queen broaches the matter to her chief Minister and chief friend is reported with characteristic directness and thoroughness:

> I felt terrified when it came to the point; too silly of me to be frightened in talking to him. Well, I mustered up courage, and said that my Uncle's great wish—was—that I should marry my Cousin Albert—who was with Stockmar—and that I thought Stockmar might have told him (Ld. M.) so; Lord M. said, No—Stockmar had never mentioned a word; but that I had said to my Uncle, I could decide nothing until I saw him again. "That's the only way," said Lord M. "How would that be with the Duchess?" he asked. I assured him he need have no fear whatever on that score; then he said "Cousins are not very good things," and "Those Coburgs are not popular abroad; the Russians hate them." I then said, Who was there else? We enumerated the various Princes, of whom not one, I said, would do. For myself, I said, at present my feeling was quite against ever marrying. "It's a great change in the situation," he said. "It's a very serious thing, both as it concerns the Political effect and your own happiness." I praised Albert very much, said he was younger than me. I said Uncle Ernest pressed me much about it; Lord M. said, if one was to *make* a man for it, one would hardly know what to make; he mustn't be stupid, nor cunning. I said, by all that I heard, Albert would be just the person.

So it is arranged that the Prince shall submit himself for inspection, and he reports at Westminster the following October: "At ½ p. 7 I went to the top of the staircase and received my 2 dear cousins Ernest and Albert,—whom I found grown and changed, and embellished. It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert—who is *beautiful*." The next day the fortunate candidate is reported as "quite charming, and so excessively handsome, such beautiful blue eyes, an exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth with delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers. . . ." The young man whom her commonsense had determined upon as "just the person" thus steps easily into possession of her heart. Cousin Ernest was a homely youth. Four days later the Queen informs Prince Albert of his destiny, and finds him "so kind, so affectionate." So she was to find him for twenty years—kind and affectionate and trustworthy and even strong on occasion. Much of what Melbourne had been to her in her public capacity, as adviser and mainstay, he became. But he was dull material for a Boswell.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Valiants of Virginia. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Virginia of the Valiants is a curiously composite region. Occasional pages restore us to the happy land of the pickaninny and the mint julep, others introduce us to the exclusive society of the first families; at times we find ourselves in a realm of arcadian adventure, again in an atmosphere of ancestral tradition reminiscent of old England.

The Valiant whom we follow to the enchanted environs of Damory Court is a hero to satisfy the most aristocratic tastes. His personal appearance, his amiability, his talents, his latent strength of character (we are assured that "he might suffer, but he would be strong"), make exhausting demands upon our capacity for admiration. Forced by financial disaster to quit the career in which he has achieved fame as inventor of a vanity-box, leader of cotillions, and winner of polo matches, he magnanimously abandons his considerable private fortune to the insolvent corporation which bears his father's name, and, turning his back upon the barren splendors of New York, motors southward to reclaim the estate of his fathers. Needless to say, a companion paragon awaits him there. In jasmine-grown thicket Shirley sucks the poison from a moccasin bite on John's ankle, on garden terrace she encourages his manorial projects with sage horticultural advice, at county tournament (remarkable chivalric survival) she accepts from his victorious lance the crown of Queen of Love and Beauty. But ere John and Shirley can proceed to the altar, two momentous uncertainties must first be cleared up. Had Shirley's mother loved the man who fell in a duel

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with John's father, a quarter of a century ago? Had John's father, upon that fateful occasion, so far derogated from the standards of a Virginia gentleman as to fire upon an intoxicated opponent? In the latter case, John would consider his escutcheon grievously blotted. In the former, Shirley would see an absolute bar to his eligibility. Nothing need be said of these delicious woes, their prolongation, and predestined termination, except that the midnight ride which ultimately brings Shirley to John's arms furnishes an appropriate finale to this somewhat antiquated series of pretty heroics.

The Street of the Two Friends. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

That the glamour of the *Quartier* is not yet exhausted for the English-reading public is evident from the assiduity with which Mr. Smith and others continue to work the old vein. The most primitive methods appear to suffice: Mr. Smith makes his dirt pay tribute to the ancient pan. The two friends for whom his street is nicknamed are, of course, the student and the grisette, artist and model, of immemorial fame. Even of the sacred tongue he has no need to be lavish. The italics which blacken his pages mark Gallicisms like *bourgeosie, entre nous, en famille, mon Dieu, concierge, fiacre, voilà, bonjour, bon garçon, mon vieux;* and we are never many pages from an *apéritif.* "Cameraderie" is naturally the watchword by means of which we gain entrée to Bohemia. French girls are more fascinating and more satisfying than the daughters of that Anglo-American *horreur*, Mme. Grundy, because they do not ask, do not wish to be more than "good comrades" to the Anglo-Americans who (we gather) ask everything of them. Does Mimi pout? Take her to a café and set before her a salade and a bottle of ordinaire, and she is at once and adorably happy. A childish menu suffices for Mimi, and her author—and his public.

The Ordeal. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Miss Murfree's recent volume of tales, "The Raid of the Guerrilla," contained some work, at least, which was reminiscent of her best. "The Ordeal" is a rather painful attempt to make bricks without straw. A group of moonshiners, to be sure, play their part in the action, but their minds are on other things. As for the summering and sporting aliens in their luxurious camp, among the Great Smoky Mountains, they move as the inventions of a novice. The child who is kidnapped is a stage child, and the adult pair, estranged in former years, who are eventually brought together in the common search for the lost one, have little human reality. In her descriptions of mountain scenery and of the purely native types, Miss Murfree is, of course, at home. It is a mistake for her to wander from them; and departure from the short-story form is, with her, always a doubtful chance.

AN OXFORD POET.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Excluding the Eight Dramas. New York: Henry Frowde. 60 cents.

Outside of Oxford, where he now resides as a retired physician, Mr. Bridges has, we believe, never attained anything like popularity, and in this country he has scarcely been known except as a shadowy name. Yet his reputation has been spreading quietly among the refined for many years, and this cheap and attractive volume of his poems from the Oxford University Press will no doubt introduce him to many new readers.

It is not difficult to explain the exclusiveness, so to speak, of Mr. Bridges's fame. The fact is, his work falls between two stools. On the one hand, it has neither the swiftness of motion, the immediate impressiveness, the narrative zest, and facile emotionalism, which go to make up the style which is popularly and rather naïvely admired as "creative"; nor the esoteric intricacy and obscurity which commonly pass for profound. Lacking these qualities, it misses the great body of readers of verse. On the other hand, it does not quite hit such an audience as Matthew Arnold satisfied: it is intellectual without touching to the quick the deeper beliefs and doubts of the age; it is highly self-critical without being heavily freighted with thought. That is the negative count against Mr. Bridges, stated, perhaps, with a certain over-emphasis. In his favor he has great refinement, now and then a sober but exquisite sense of beauty, a kind of chaste sincerity with the Muse, an appealing modesty of self-confession.

In "Eros and Psyche" Mr. Bridges has employed with great dexterity the seven-line stanza which James Thomson adopted for his "City of Dreadful Night." It is slow-moving form, more lyric and reflective than narrative, but suits the relishing restraint with which the poet retells the beautiful old story of Apuleius. Anything more different from the light, almost breathless flow of William Morris's version of the tale could scarcely be conceived. At a first reading Morris will captivate where Bridges merely pleases, but it is not so sure that a second or third reading would leave the victory so absolutely to the earlier poet.

We cannot now criticise the sonnets and lyrics in detail, and from the studies of classical prosody we turn with abhorrent eyes. The space needed for such analysis may better be given to quoting at length one of the poems, "Indolence," which exhibits a certain dreamy languor latent here and there in Mr. Bridges's verse, and which associates him most intimately with the romance of Oxford:

We left the city when the summer day
Had verged already on its hot decline,
And charmèd Indolence in languor lay
In her gay gardens, 'neath her towers divine;
"Farewell," we said, "dear city of youth and dream!"
And in our boat we stepped and took the stream.

All through that idle afternoon we strayed
Upon our proposed travel well begun,
As loitering by the woodland's dreamy shade,
Past shallow islets floating in the sun,
Or searching down the banks for rarer flowers
We lingered out the pleasurable hours.

Till when that loveliest came, which mowers home
Turns from their longest labor, as we steered
Along a straitened channel flecked with foam,
We lost our landscape wide, and slowly neared
An ancient bridge, that like a blind wall lay
Low on its buried vaults to block the way.

Then soon the narrow tunnels broader showed,
Where with its arches three it sucked the mass
Of water, that in swirl thereunder flowed,
Or stood piled at the piers waiting to pass;
And pulling for the middle span, we drew
The tender blades aboard and floated through.

But past the bridge what change we found below!
The stream, that all day long had laughed and played
Betwixt the happy shires, ran dark and slow,
And with its easy flood no murmur made:
And weeds spread on its surface, and about
The stagnant margin reared their stout heads out.

Upon the left high elms, with giant wood
Skirting the water-meadows, interwove
Their slumbrous crowns, o'ershadowing where they stood
The floor and heavy pillars of the grove:
And in the shade, through reeds and sedges dank,
A footpath led along the moated bank.

Across, all down the right, an old brick wall,
Above and o'er the channel, red did lean;
Here buttressed up, and bulging there to fall,
Tufted with grass and plants and lichen green;
And crumbling to the flood, which at its base
Slid gently nor disturbed its mirrored face.

Sheer on the wall the houses rose, their backs
All windowless, neglected and awry,
With tottering coigns, and crooked chimney stacks;

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And here and there an unused door, set high
Above the fragments of its mouldering stair,
With rail and broken step led out on air.

Beyond, deserted wharves and vacant sheds,
With empty boats and barges moored along,
And rafts half-sunken, fringed with weedy shreds,
And sodden beams, once soaked to season strong.
No sight of man, nor sight of life, no stroke,
No voice the somnolence and silence broke.

Then I who rowed leant on my oar, whose drip
Fell without sparkle, and I rowed no more;
And he that steered moved neither hand nor lip,
But turned his wondering eye from shore to shore;
And our trim boat let her swift motion die,
Between the dim reflections floating by.

American City Government. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

The Government of American Cities. By William Bennett Munro. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

A few weeks ago (November 7, 1912) we noticed Henry Bruère's "The New City Government." Notwithstanding the similarity of title between it and the two volumes named above, the three books overlap only slightly. Mr. Bruère's is the most narrowly limited in subject-matter, being confined to a survey of ten commission-governed cities and to an examination of the movement for greater efficiency in municipal administration. Professor Beard and Professor Munro take a much wider range. The sub-title of Professor Beard's volume is "A Survey of Newer Tendencies," and he treats of the political, economic, and social functions of city government. Two-thirds of his space, however, is given to the non-political functions. The aim of Professor Munro is, in his own words, "to describe, in a summary way, the machinery of city government in the United States." His book, accordingly, stands between the other two in amount of ground covered.

In almost every other respect, however, Professor Munro's volume is decidedly more satisfying than either of the others. It is obviously the work of a scholar. He marshals the facts he has gathered in a way that makes for intelligibility and proportion; he arranges arguments pro and con, and suggests conclusions, in a manner that reveals careful thinking; and his text is continually fortified by references to sources. It is Professor Beard's treatise that suffers most by this comparison. While his chapters make a convenient, trustworthy collection of information on such topics as city revenue and expenditure, public utilities, streets, recreation facilities, and police, they fail to leave an impression of first-hand judgment upon questions in connection with these activities. A rather loose style adds to this effect as of a book compiled rather than composed. In a place or two, indeed, the author is upon the verge of contradicting a preceding statement, with his placidity undisturbed. Yet this is rather a limitation than a defect, and does not seriously impair the value of the volume as a manual in a field that must be frequently re-surveyed.

In "The Government of American Cities," Professor Munro is at once historian and judge. Expressions of opinion are common in his book, but nowhere does a reader feel that the author has descended from the chair to become an advocate. After an illuminating historical survey, he analyzes the social structure of the city, and then takes up the difficult question of the relation between the city and the State. Municipal politics occupies three chapters, and these are followed by studies of the various departments of city government, from Mayor to employees. Commission government has a chapter, as have direct legislation and municipal reform, respectively. Professor Munro has little sympathy with the doctrine of separation of powers as applied to city government, but on the other hand he is not carried away with the idea of commission government as a panacea. Nor does he think that much can be predicated yet of the workings of the initiative and referendum; he is, however, decidedly skeptical of the recall as an instrument for remedying conditions which have been created under a system of popular election of numerous officials.

His final chapter, on Municipal Reform and Reformers, is not of the sort that usually gets into books on government. It is particularly pungent, although it praises as well as blames. Here is Professor Munro's conclusion regarding this subject:

> Across the history of nearly every reform movement of the last twenty years may be found written the tedious chronicle of bickerings due to personal jealousy, class bigotry, and the failure of reformers to realize that vindictiveness has no place in the programme of a political agitation which seeks to be successful.

The most complete exception to this characterization is the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago.

It would be possible to quarrel with Professor Munro here and there, but his book is authoritative both for the history of the development of our city government, and for the presentation of the considerations for and against proposed changes in it. These considerations are set forth with an adequacy and fairness that make them historical, too, rather than polemical.

Religious Liberty. By Francesco Ruffini. Translated by J. Parker Heyes, with a preface by J. B. Bury. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Professor Ruffini's treatise is a history of the progress towards religious toleration from the persecutions of the early church to the present time. All European nations and peoples are included in the survey, as well as the United States. The number of books and tracts in a score of languages listed, epitomized, and estimated is enormous. The appraisals of the worth of the arguments, the literary excellence, and the influence upon governmental action are discerning and fair. Two names stand out conspicuously: Socinus, the heretic and the father of toleration, and Locke, whose famous "Letter on Toleration" is the charter of religious freedom among English-speaking peoples.

If Professor Ruffini's volume were nothing more than an account of the endeavors of the protagonists of liberty in the realm of conscience and worship, it would demand recognition. But it has a larger and more practical interest for Americans in its keen criticism of the form which religious toleration has taken upon this continent. It is probably true that most Americans assume, without having given real thought to the subject, that complete legal separation of church and state is the system under which religious toleration best develops; if, indeed, it is not the only plan under which liberty of conscience is possible. Popularly an established church is regarded as the equivalent of religious inequality.

The Turin professor combats this view with force, and evidently from earnest conviction. He holds that, while every system of relations between the state and the church contains inherent defects, liberty is most truly secured under an Erastian system, where the state controls the church but decrees absolute freedom of thought to all from a conviction of its justice. He maintains even that true and complete religious liberty can exist only apart from Separatism, and points to "the defective and one-sided manner in which religious liberty is conceived in America." It is from this country, both the early Puritan colonies and recent legislation affecting ecclesiastical bodies, that he derives his argument and illustrations as to the impossibility of toleration where church and state are separate. One is prompted to inquire whether there were not other causes of Puritan intolerance than their separatist doctrine. And were the Pilgrims strictly separatists? Perhaps it was more a matter of persons than of doctrines, and Roger Williams might have fared differ-

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ently if John Robinson had been in the place of Cotton Mather.

As to recent events and present tendencies, one may question Professor Ruffini's facts. He declares that the Catholic Church has succeeded in obtaining in America a far larger amount of effective power than it enjoys in Italy; further, that "the iron, absolutist hierarchy of the Catholic Church is recognized and protected in the United States in such a manner as rigidly to exclude any democratic or representative velleity of the lay element, and hence in a manner which has no parallel in the European states, unless one goes back to the Middle Ages." If that be true, the eyes of the majority of American Protestants are quite blinded, the assurances of the liberally minded Catholics who have disclaimed any such motive or desire are hypocritical, and the fanatic American Protective Association should be revived.

The intention is not to dismiss Professor Ruffini's volume with a cavil. Its merit as a history commands respect, and as an account of a movement of deepest practical interest to all Americans it should be received with gratitude. Were a society to be formed of all citizens of this republic whose ancestors have suffered under the persecutions here recorded, the organization would include the nation. The principles of religious liberty and the governmental modes under which it may best be fostered have been too much taken for granted, and the commonplaces of cheap orators have received too easy credence. The present volume is well calculated to stir more serious reflection on the subject, even by those who have suffered too keenly from the tender mercies of a church established by law ever to return willingly to any form of jurisdictional liberty.

Notes

The *Constructive Quarterly*, "a new journal of the faith and work and thought of Christendom," will make its appearance March 1, published by George H. Doran Co. Mr. Silas McBee is the editor. Among the contributors to the first number are Wilfrid Ward, Prof. Friedrich Loofs, Shailer Mathews, Bishop F. J. McConnell, and Prof. W. L. Bevan.

Three of Gov. Wilson's essays will be published by Houghton Mifflin in a limited, one-volume edition about the time of the inauguration. They are "Mere Literature," "The Author Himself," and "On an Author's Choice of Company."

Among Macmillan's forthcoming books we note: "The Secret of the Clan," by Alice Brown; "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," by Kathleen Norris; "Social Religion," by Scott Nearing; "Lectures on the American Civil War," by James Ford Rhodes; "The Problem of Christianity," by Josiah Royce, and "The Science of Human Behavior," by Maurice Parmelee.

Included in Stokes's spring list are the following titles—Fiction: "Ranching for Sylvia," by Harold Bindloss; "The Frontiers of the Heart," by Victor Margueritte; "The Declension of Henry D'Albiac," by V. Goldie: "The White Thread," by Robert Halifax; "The Sixty-first Second," by Owen Johnson; "Roast Beef Medium," by Edna Ferber; "The Kingdom," by Harold Elsdale Goad, and "The Dream Ship," by Cynthia Stockley—Miscellaneous: "Complete Poems" and "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," by Alfred Noyes; "A Guide to the Montessori Method," by Ellen Yale Stevens, and "Pedagogical Anthropology," by Maria Montessori.

The following titles are included in the list of books soon to be published by the Putnams: "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key, translated by A. G. Chater, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis; "Bible Reading in the Early Church," by Adolf Harnack, translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, and "The Story of the Borgias," by John Fyvie.

The same house will shortly issue several Cambridge books, among them: "Ancient Babylonia," by C. H. W. Johns; "L'Invasion ou le Fou Yégof," by Erckmann-Chatrian, edited with notes and vocabulary by A. Wilson-Green; Dryden's "Preface to the Fables," edited by W. H. Williams; Plato's "Ion," with introduction and notes by J. M. MacGregor; "Forfarshire," by Easton S. Valentine; "Key to the Exercises in English Composition," by W. Murison, and "Cambridge University Law Tripos Papers (1907-1911)."

Midwinter publications of Small, Maynard & Co. include the following: "The Balkan War: Adventures in War with Cross and Crescent," by Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant; "The Confession of a Fool," by August Strindberg; "English Literature, 1880-1905," by J. M. Kennedy; the first volume of "A Modern History of the English People," by R. H. Gretton; "The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze"; "King Edward in His True Colours," by Edward Legge; "The Law of a Household," by Eunice Beecher; "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise," by E. B. Soane; "New Lives for Old," by William Carleton; "Our Book of Memories," by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; "Problems of the Pacific," by Frank Fox; "Republican France: 1870-1912, Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life," by Ernest A. Vizetelly; "Ripostes," by Ezra Pound; "Syndicalism and the General Strike: An Explanation," by Arthur D. Lewis; "Tommy Tregennis," by Mary E. Phillips; "Uncharted Seas," by Robert Adger Bowen; "Whippen," by Frederick Orin Bartlett; "The Windham Papers," in two volumes, with an introduction by the Earl of Rosebery, and "Zebedee V," by Edith Barnard Delano.

On the first of next month Houghton Mifflin will issue the following volumes: Three novels by Richard Pryce, author of "Christopher," viz.: "Jezebel," "Elementary Jane," and "The Burden of a Woman"; "A Wayfarer in China," by Elizabeth Kendall; "Old Homes of New Americans," by Francis E. Clark; "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," by Hugo Münsterberg; "The Diary of a Free Kindergarten," by Lileen Hardy; "The Satchel Guide to Europe for 1913," by W. J. Rolfe; "Vocations for Girls," by Mary A. Laselle and Katherine Wiley; "The Teaching of English Classics in the Grammar Grades," by Eugene Clarence Warriner; "Word Mastery," by Florence Akin, and "Selected Stories from the Arabian Nights," by Samuel Eliot.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in preparation: "American Nobility," by Pierre de Coulevain, translated by Alys Hallard; "The Fear of Living," by Henri Bordeaux, in a translation from the French by Ruth Helen Davis, and one volume in the Channels of Literature series, edited by Oliphant Smeaton—"The English Novel," by Prof. George Saintsbury.

Two new novels will be issued this month by Lippincott—"Sally Castleton, Southerner," by Crittenden Marriott, and "The Parasite," by Helen R. Martin.

Crowell's early spring publications include: three novels—"A Superman in Being," by Litchfield Woods; "The Debt," by William Westrupp, and "Princess Arthura," by Samuel W. Odell; "English Cathedral Journey," by Kate F. Kimball; "The Joys of Living," by Dr. Orison Swett Marden; "What Is New Thought?" by Charles Brodie Patterson; and a translation of Karl Mortensen's "Handbook of Norse Mythology."

From the Yale University Press we may expect shortly: "Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought," being the John Calvin McNair Lectures for 1912, fifth series, delivered by President Hadley at the University of North Carolina; "The Economic Utilization of History," by Prof. Henry W. Farnam; "Problems of Genetics," by William Bateson; "The Framing of the Constitution of the United States," by Prof. Max Farrand; "A Landsman's Log," by Robert W. Neeser, with an introduction by Admiral Charles J. Badger; "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel, the Sensuous in Hebbel's Lyric Poetry," by Prof. Albert Gubelmann; "Catalogue of Early Printed Books," given to Yale University in 1894 by William Loring Andrews, and "Gawayne and the Green Knight," by Prof. Charlton Miner Lewis.

February 1 is the date of publication set by Doran for four works of fiction: "'Twixt Land and Sea," by Joseph Conrad; "The Story of Stephen Compton," by J. E. Patterson; "The Lee Shore," by Rose Macauley, and "Bunch Grass," by Horace Annesley Vachell—and for the following: "Modern Problems," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," by Morley Roberts; "Elements of Child Study," by William Walter Smith, and "The Case of Oscar Slater," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Two more volumes (III and IV) of the Selected Writings of William Sharp (edited by Mrs. Sharp, published by Duffield Company) bring us the sort of literary work in which he was most at home and best showed his talents. He was not a critic of philosophic discrimination, but in the borderland between criticism and personal reminiscence he always wrote pleasantly. Both of the present volumes are in that field, one being called "Papers Critical and Reminiscent," the other "Literary Geography and Travel-Sketches." More particularly in the former of these he writes of his acquaintance with such men as Ros-

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setti, Swinburne, Pater, Marston, Burne-Jones, and others, with a freshness of impression that makes his articles decidedly worth reprinting. Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, for instance, is little more than a name to most readers to-day, but he stands revealed in Sharp's essay for any who care to learn of his brave and saddened life. Another excellent and clear portrait is that of Walter Pater. The account of Sharp's visit to the critic's Oxford rooms is singularly vivid.

"The Oxford Book of Latin Verse" has the excellent form and the *multum in parvo* to which we have become accustomed in these anthologies from the Clarendon Press. The selection has been made by H. W. Garrod, Fellow of Merton College, and ranges in time from the Saliar Hymns to the stanzas of Phocas prefixed to his Life of Virgil. The purpose of such an anthology would have been better served had the editor added a sufficient quantity of notes to make the reading of the selections easy for the half-scholar, and to this end the space might have been devoted which now contains a discussion of the Saturnian metre and a group of verse translations chosen from various sources. However, the book has sufficient merits to excuse this defect.

"Some six years ago," wrote George Moore in the preface to the first edition of "Spring Days," published in 1888, "I noticed that an artificial, vicious, and decadent society was represented by a restricted and conventional literature of no relation with the moment of which it chattered." "Spring Days" is the fifth of a series of "realistic works" which Mr. Moore wrote to supply the deficiency. It contains some admirable character drawing of the stupid, vulgar rich, conceived in the author's peculiar acrid humor. But the book spins out at too great length the intolerable tediousness and purposelessness of the life that it depicts, and it was damned by the critics, and finally abandoned by Mr. Moore himself, who, whenever he laid hands on a copy in the house of a friend, purloined it, and tossed it into the river. With the lapse of time, if we may trust the new preface, many admirers rediscovered the foundling. Mr. Moore re-read it, saw that it was very good, provided it with an interesting introduction in his latest manner, and Brentano's has republished it.

"Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin) are publishing at a faster rate without any appreciable diminution in richness. The two volumes just issued cover the years 1845-48 and 1849-55. In these years of the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave act, of Emerson's successful lecturing tour in England, we find the sage sometimes torn between motives. But the strife helped to confirm his vocation as a liberator of the individual spirit. On the Fugitive Slave act his position was unequivocal. He preferred disunion to such ignominy, and shed a fine scorn upon the timid New Englanders who became the apologists of slavery. It was in such a mood that he wrote, "Boston or Brattle Street Christianity is a compound of force, or the best diagonal line that can be drawn between Jesus Christ and Abbott Lawrence" (the great cotton spinner). In the same temper Emerson remarks, "Democracy becomes a government of bullies tempered by editors." But the interest of the journals remains chiefly literary. Especially just is this estimate of Goethe: "Anything that Goethe said, another might attain to say, but the profusion of sayings, every one of which is good and striking—no man." It is also a shrewd judgment on newly published "In Memoriam" that runs, "Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' is the commonplaces of condolence among good Unitarians in the first week of mourning. The consummate skill of the versification is the sole merit." Similarly accurate is the criticism of Macaulay's "History of England"—"The writer has a great deal of talent, but no elevation of mind." A fine picture is the inauguration of Edward Everett at Harvard with the exercises suspended with a great cheer as Webster entered, Everett saving the decorums by a beautiful compliment. The English visit affords a vivid portrait of De Quincey, gentle, shabby, and wholly amiable. The lighter vein may be illustrated by a gastronomic dictum of Tom Appleton's: "Canvasback ducks eat the wild celery, and the common black duck, if it eats the wild celery, is just as good—only, damn them, they won't eat it." Unlike most familiar journals, these constantly enhance the author.

Certain fugitive papers, addresses, and reviews of Emerson, which have not been included in his collected works, have been brought together by the Lamb Publishing Company, of New York. These "Uncollected Writings" are naturally of uneven value. The sketch called "Nature," reprinted from the "Boston Book" of 1850, seems but mediocre Emerson. Excellent is the little address made at the Japan banquet in 1872. It was a happy thought to make a clean sweep of Emerson's unpublished contributions to the *Dial*. These include, with lesser matters, a capital essay, "Thoughts on Art," an interesting "Explanation of Transcendentalism," and singularly astute Notices of Tennyson's "Poems," Borrow's "The Bible in Spain," and Carlyle's "French Revolution." By an odd fault in compilation, the letter to S. G. Howe, protesting against the negro kidnapping of 1846, is twice printed. On the whole, it is an interesting gleaning, and worth while. The book is of a size and make to set alongside the standard 12mo editions.

"Through South America" (Crowell), by Harry Weston Van Dyke, is a handsome little volume, in which the reader will find a concise description of the ten republics of South America and of the three regions of Guiana, held by Great Britain, Holland, and France, respectively, together with an outline of the history of South America, recounting the principal events in the Spanish conquest of the sixteenth century and in the revolt of the colonies against Spain in the early part of the eighteenth. There is no record of travel, nor, indeed, are we told which of the countries and cities have been visited by the author, though it is evident that some at least of his descriptions are written from personal observation, for they have freshness and graphic force. Such are those of the cities of Bogotá and Cartagena, such is that of the scenery along the course of the River Orinoco. The book is agreeably written, and none the less so because it contains few statistics and no politics, being chiefly devoted to descriptions of scenery and of towns, with some incidental remarks on the resources of each region and on the life of the people. These are conceived in a friendly spirit, and the same tone of benignant optimism pervades the brief introduction, in which Mr. Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, indicates the prospects of improvement and development which he anticipates for the South American countries.

If it is true that every plot available for fiction or for drama has been used again and again, it is even truer that in all the world is hardly a place or a scene worth description that has not been described and re-described. And still ambitious authors set down the records of their European travels, and still publishers think it worth while to give them to the world. Albert B. Osborne, in "Picture Towns of Europe" (McBride), exhibits the only two qualities in the writing of travel diaries that in this day can hope to command, or that deserve, attention. He has a fresh point of view, which is good, and he can write the English language, which is better. He describes in this volume towns or villages in ten of the countries of Europe, which appeal to him as the most picturesque, an epithet that connotes not only sheer beauty, but interest in history or legend as well. Other travellers, each with his own fond recollections, will doubtless differ from him over the selection he has made, but few will quarrel with the manner of the book. Mr. Osborne writes with charm and distinction, conveying in few and well-chosen words the impression each of the places described has made on him personally, and giving just sufficient of history or legend to stir the memory of those who know whereof he speaks and to whet the curiosity of those who look forward to such travels in the future.

A modest volume of sermons which merit more than usual attention is "Sermons in Summer," by the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, M.A., rector of Christ Church, Cooperstown, N. Y., published in that village (The Arthur H. Crist Co.). The discourses show no straining for eloquence nor endeavor to elucidate mysteries, but they are marked by true religious insight and a fine feeling for the essential graces of Christian character. They are lifted above all theological and ecclesiastical partisanship by appreciation of the high truths in which men of all schools are at one. One gathers something of their quiet but persuasive and uplifting character from the titles, The Romance of Modern Life, The Comedy of Hypocrisy, and The Importance of Humility. It is good to know that now and then in a village pulpit there is preaching which sustains the worthier traditions of a thoughtful and truly spiritual ministry.

It is a pity that Joseph Adams ("Corrigeen" of the *Field Magazine*) did not confine his "Ten Thousand Miles through Canada" (Stokes) to a record of his experiences and observations as an angler, for on that subject he writes entertainingly, if not with novelty. As an account of "where to go and what to see," however, the book is hardly more than a crude and hasty compilation of miscellaneous information, valuable chiefly because its statistical statements are true. A writer who starts with the assertion that "the Dominion is still a *terra incognita*, and is likely to remain so to all except the occasional intrepid explorer"; writes "Anti Costa" and "new Brunswick"; speaks of Gaspé, which apparently he did not visit, as a

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French town; refers to the attempt by the United States, during the Revolution, "to annex the Dominion"; sees the St. Lawrence "dashing over huge rocks" at the Richelieu Rapids; thinks of the Lake Erie shore as the "Far West," and coins such a delicious phrase as "scientific and dairy farming," is not to be counted upon for sober and informing description, even though we forgive him for discoursing on the amenities of seasickness or penning another rhapsody on Niagara. The book may serve at least one useful purpose, however, in that it will give the traveller a new increment of respect for Baedeker.

Zoeth Skinner Eldredge has attempted to follow the ideals of the modern historian in his new book, "The Beginnings of San Francisco: From the Expedition of Anza, 1774, to the City Charter of April 15, 1850" (The Author, two volumes). The work gives evidence of being "the result of a study of original documents, and the statements of contemporary writers and of actors in the events described." He has spent many hours of study in the Spanish Archives of California, which, unfortunately, are no more, having been destroyed in the San Francisco fire of 1906; he has also made use of the Bancroft collection of manuscripts in the University of California; nor has he neglected the printed sources. The result is that his statements seem to be well founded, although we miss the helpful references to the sources which are expected in volumes which make such pretence to learning. The first volume carries the history of the city down to the conquests by the Americans. Here we have the general story of California told in a sketchy manner and interspersed with the minutest happenings of the region which was to develop into the city. One hundred pages are devoted to the accounts of Juan Bautista de Anza's two expeditions (1774-1776), which resulted in the founding of the Presidio and Mission of San Francisco. We are able to estimate the miles travelled day by day on these slow-moving expeditions, for the author is fond of the Xenephontic style; but, unfortunately for the reader, the daily events on the Western deserts lack the Xenephontic sprightliness. After having thus started the future city on its career, the first volume gives an ill-digested account of the Spanish and Mexican régimes, and the second volume continues the story down to 1850. The author is at times an annalist and at others an antiquarian. The second volume in particular is filled with names to which no personality is attached; and the greatest pains have been taken to give full explanations of the origin of all the place and street names, until the reader is wearied and loses the thread of the story. Almost half of each volume is devoted to discursive notes of more or less value, one of which is a bibliography (pages 754-783), being a useful list of books and manuscripts. If Mr. Eldredge had worked over his style; had studied the methods of our best historians; and had cut down the narrative very considerably, his volumes would have won for him satisfactory recognition; but his good work in investigating the sources is hidden by faults.

Restore Panama to Colombia, less the Canal Zone, and give her a cash indemnity equal to the value of the part taken for the canal, is the way to regain our national honor, according to William R. Scott, in "The Americans in Panama" (Statler Publishing Company). This book can be recommended as a short, straightforward history of the American work on the isthmus. It is marred by an occasional lapse into the colloquial style of the usual newspaper correspondent.

Brave little Holland has become a source of inspiration to a number of well-meaning writers, who, using the excellent Dutch and Belgian standard works as a source, have told the public an agreeable story about an interesting people. Historical scholarship may not have been advanced by these labors, but the general information of the people has been increased. The Rev. William Elliot Griffis, having described Holland in half a dozen books, has now turned his attention to the sister country, and in "Belgium, the Land of Art" (Houghton Mifflin) has written a short history of that country. As far as facts go, the book is correct, except on page 173, where the Burgers of Ghent, instead of those of Bruges, are putting the Emperor Maximilian in prison, and where the Cranenburg, which is in Bruges, is stated to be in the rival city of Ghent.

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr, widow of Seneca M. Dorr, and "last of the Cambridge group of New England poets and writers," died Saturday, at her home in Rutland, Vt., in her eighty-eighth year. While well known as a writer of verse, Mrs. Dorr is remembered especially for her friendships with Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, with whom she carried on a correspondence for many years. She was born in Charleston, S. C. Among her writings are: "Farmingdale," "Lanmere," "Sibyl Huntington," "Expiation," "Bride and Bridegroom," "Friar Anselmo," "Bermuda," "Afternoon Songs," "Poems Complete," "The Flower of England's Face," "A Cathedral Pilgrimage," "In King's Houses," "Afterglow," and "Beyond the Sunset."

Science

Among the forthcoming science books in the list of Houghton Mifflin are "Field Days in California," a study of birds by Bradford Torrey, and "The Teacher's Health," in the Riverside Educational Monographs, by Lewis M. Terman.

"The Interpretation of Radium," third edition revised and enlarged, by Frederick Soddy, is announced by Putnams.

Science books in Stokes's list include: "The Childhood of Animals," by P. Chalmers Mitchell; "Hardy Perennials and Herbaceous Borders," by Walter P. Wright, and "The Story of My Rock Garden," by Reginald A. Malby.

The first sheet of the United States portion of the international map of the world has just been put upon the market by the Geological Survey. It is called the Boston sheet, and is 24 by 25 inches on the scale of 1 to 1,000,000. It includes the eastern part of Massachusetts, parts of Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, and all of Rhode Island, together with the ocean as far east as Nova Scotia and south to the fortieth degree of latitude. It is a beautiful colored product of the engraver's and lithographer's art, printed on fine enamelled paper, and costs only 40 cents.

A bill was reported last week by Senator McLean, of Connecticut, providing that the Federal Government shall undertake the protection of migratory birds. It calls upon the Department of Agriculture, which has in its records a great mass of precise information on the subject, to draft regulations, afterwards to be enacted into law. This is no mere response to sentiment. It is not intended to catch the "bird-lovers'" vote. The project is based on economic considerations, and its active supporters include such men of science as William T. Hornaday, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Theodore S. Palmer, of the United States Biological Survey, and Edward H. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that, in a single year (1904), the damage done to crops by insect pests amounted to $420,000,000. From the same source we learn that the annual loss to apple-growers from the ravages of the curculio pest amounts to $12,000,000, to say nothing of $8,250,000 expended each year for spraying trees; that the chinch bug damages the wheat crop to the extent of $20,000,000 a year, and that the value of the cotton crop is decreased annually by the same amount through the work of the cotton boll weevil, while the gypsy moth and other insects destroy or seriously damage every year trees valued at $100,000,000.

These figures have increased significance when we remember that the insectivorous birds (most of which are migratory) are most efficient aids in keeping down insect pests. Mr. Forbush saw a pair of grosbeaks taking insect larvæ to their young at the rate of 450 times in eleven hours, and estimated that a single yellow-throated warbler would devour 10,000 tree lice in a day. Similar observation establishes the fact that several kinds of destructive caterpillars form part of the regular diet of more than fifty species of birds, and that plant lice are persistently destroyed by thirty-eight species. But the experts declare that the number of these birds is steadily decreasing, and that this is due primarily not to their natural enemies, but to man. The most persistent and inclusive slaughter is carried on constantly in the Southern States, where many species of our most valuable insectivorous birds pass the winter months. Several of these States not only do nothing to prevent this slaughter, but actually legalize it by laws which class certain insectivorous birds as "game." For example, the robin is so classed in North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee. The bobolink is slain in even greater numbers, and doves are legalized "game" in twenty-six States. As for the migratory birds properly classed as game, they, too, are rapidly disappearing, thanks to the success of the market-hunters in keeping on the statute-books of many States laws which provide no effective closed season.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, a well-known physician, of New York city, who had spent much time in Central and South America for the purpose of studying tropical diseases and

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climatology, died the middle of last week, aged sixty-six. He was born in Montreal and was educated at McGill University. He was the author of "Aper-Construction du Canal de Panama," "Five Years at Panama," and "Cuigans à Panama." For his work in the tropics Spain bestowed upon him the Order of Queen Isabella the Catholic.

Dr. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, scientist, died in Pasadena, Cal., on Friday. He was born in Jefferson, N. H., in 1832, and was without college education. He studied atmospheric conditions by means of balloons, and in 1861 built the largest aerostat of his day, making a trip of 900 miles in nine hours. Later he entered the Government service as chief of the aeronautic corps. Next he invented a system of signalling to field batteries from high altitudes. He also established the Lowe Observatory in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Prof. George Augustus Koenig, professor for the past twenty years in the Michigan School of Mines, died last week at the home of his son in Philadelphia. He was born at Willstätt, Germany, in 1844, and studied at the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. He was the discoverer of several metals.

Drama and Music

Plays by August Strindberg: "Creditors," "Pariah." Translated from the Swedish, with Introductions by Edwin Björkman. Authorized edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

Easter: A Play in Three Acts, and Stories. By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.

These three plays add little that is new to what English readers of Strindberg have already observed concerning his methods. Yet for the striking confirmation which they furnish of judgments based on such dramas as "The Dance of Death," "The Stronger," "Miss Julia," they may be read with considerable interest. The impression becomes certain, as more and more of his plays are brought out in English, that Strindberg, though reputed in his own land to be a creator of great and subtle emotions, never truly understood of what genuine, downright feeling consists. His ability to plan dramatic situations and to turn them inside out by the play of ingenious reasoning and a very alert fancy we have never questioned. But these qualities, which should remain auxiliary, are not in themselves sufficient to make characters appear human. Strindberg's characters are like Dr. Johnson's women—wiggle waggle!

In "Creditors," which its author is said to have placed in the front rank of his realistic work, we are asked to consider yet again woman's baneful influence upon man. Tekla, the shallow wife of Adolph, a painter, has previously divorced Gustav, a high-school teacher, after having taken from him, without giving anything in exchange, the best that he had to offer. And now by the same process she has almost exhausted Adolph, who is seen to be in a wretched state of mind and body. She, meanwhile, from trafficking in the reputations of the two men, has contrived to win no small name as a writer. The scene opens at a summer hotel with Adolph under the spell of Gustav, whom he has never before seen and whom he does not know to have been his predecessor with Tekla. Whatever his motive, Gustav sets out to torture Adolph, and after receiving his confidences—with which, on account of his own experiences with Tekla, he is able to manifest the utmost sympathy—he shows him in a dozen ways how the wife has been playing the leech. Just here is a good example of the author's willingness to overstep the bounds of probability. The logic of his theme demands that Adolph shall be destroyed, and speedily. Gustav is the convenient tool with which to sharpen the issue. Ergo, he may transgress every canon of good taste and human impulse. By a series of suggestions and plots—in the fashion of Iago, though without the latter's justifying diabolical genius—he reduces Adolph to an epileptic fit from which he dies. The figure of Tekla, whom some may be tempted to compare with Hedda Gabler, might have been effective if she had been surrounded by any personages of steady emotions. But, as it is, she simply adds to the general confusion.

About the time that Strindberg was writing "Creditors" and "Pariah," in the winter of 1888-89, he became much absorbed in Poe's mystery tales, especially in Poe's theories of mental suggestion. We have seen Gustav practicing it upon Adolph, and in "Pariah," a dramatic dialogue between two persons, the phenomenon is illustrated with equal fulness. Mr. X and Mr. Y—the former a murderer, though accidentally; the latter a forger; the one full of human understanding, the other of cunning—carry on an intellectual duel. In this the superior intellect of Mr. X succeeds in leading Mr. Y, though the aggressor, on to damaging admissions, and Y retreats in confusion.

"Easter," in a sense, is much more of a play than either of the other two, for it has half-a-dozen characters—enough to create a desirable diversity of interest. The theme also lacks the excessive morbidness to which Strindberg inclined. It deals with the family of an embezzling banker, now paying for his crime in prison. Unfortunately, there is only one bit of action. This forms the climax of the play, yet by intimating that it may take place at any moment, the author gives a certain potentiality to the situations. The horror which all fear is that the chief creditor may deprive the family of house and furniture. Elis, the son, with whom the main responsibility rests, is a spineless person, crossing all his bridges before it is necessary, and seeing in every unexpected happening an earnest of misfortune. Eleonora, the young daughter, alone of the personages, including the mother, a schoolboy, and Elis's fiancée, has promising traits. Though her mind tends to be unbalanced, it runs to lyric sweetness, to hope and good will, and is possessed of a definite purpose. She is an indication of what Strindberg might have accomplished if he had been concerned more with characters than with themes. As Strindberg had determined to make this play a comedy, it turns out that the creditor, out of gratitude for a kindness done him years ago by the defaulting banker himself, waives all claims, in the spirit of the Easter season, and leaves the family happy. A penny-whistle climax, forsooth.

Those who like the variety of symbolism which Maeterlinck has often employed—most notably in the "Bluebird"—will turn with pleasure to the seven short stories of Strindberg which Mrs. Howard has included in her volume. What the stories mean, if anything at all, is not always easy to determine, but they are one and all diverting on account of the author's facility in dealing with fanciful details. "Midsummertide" may be summarized as a typical example.

A dove came out of the forest and perched outside the hut where a great-grandmother of ninety was bedridden. Her window was composed of little panes of different colors and properties:

> Thus, when her big son came home cross, and stormed out in the yard, then the mother wished him little and good again, and immediately she saw him ever so little. Or, when the great-grandchildren came toddling along out there, and she thought of their future, then—one, two, three—they appeared in the magnifying glass, and she saw them as tall, full-grown people—perfect giants!

The dove sang the joys of heaven and the pains of earth, but the old lady refused to accept. It flew to others, and finally to an unhappy city lady and her little daughter living at the farmer's. The two set out to market at the village, to reach which it was necessary to pass through several gates and to cross the fields. Inside the first gate they found themselves in the midst of wild horses. "O, God in Heaven—help us!" prayed the mother. "Then a sun scoter's song was heard in the pines, and see! that instant the horses ran off in different directions, and all was quiet again." Each field had its danger and its miraculous peacemaker. When the village was reached,

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not a soul was to be seen: shops were closed and houses vacant.

Out of the river she saw a white sail-boat coming with taut sails, straight toward the landing, but no one was seen at the helm. She waded forward, bathing in flowers and flower-perfumes, so that her white petticoat looked like a flower bed, but of much more delicate colors.

They, stepped into the boat and sailed away, but now the water became beautiful corn flowers. It was the heavenly kingdom they had entered.

Houghton Mifflin has in press "Irish Plays and Playwrights," by Cornelius Weygandt.

On the 14th of this month the Germanistische Gesellschaft of the University of Wisconsin presented Hauptmann's "Der arme Heinrich." A lecture on the play was delivered a few days before performance by *Prof. Eugen Kühnemann.*

Arthur Bourchier will return to the boards of the London Garrick Theatre on February 6. He will appear in a new play by Stanley Houghton, called "Trust the People," which is said to be free from party bias, although strongly political in character. The action is laid in the future. This will make the fifth play by Mr. Houghton produced in London within a twelvemonth.

F. H. Payne, who was associated with the production of "The Miracle" at Olympia in London, has leased the Criterion Theatre in that city, to produce a new comedy, by Roy Horniman, entitled "Billy's Fortune." There are more than thirty speaking characters in the cast. The principal figure is a boy of ten, Billy Charteris, who, throughout his various adventures, is accompanied by a trusty dog. The son of a working man, he has been adopted by a wealthy gentleman, who leaves him the bulk of his huge fortune, a condition of the will being that Billy shall select his own guardian from among the number of his benefactor's relations. The guardian is to get £100,000, and the humor of the piece lies in the efforts of the various relatives to win the boy's favor.

Mr. Horniman has also sold a new play to H. B. Irving, who will present it upon his return to England from South Africa. It is called "After Many Days," and the hero of it is a man whose whole life is embittered by the memory of a crime committed in youth. This, of course, is the theme of "The Bells."

At the London Strand Theatre Louis Meyer has begun rehearsals of Gladys Unger's play, "The Son and Heir." In it the two leading parts have been assigned to Ethel Irving and Norman Trevor. "The Son and Heir" presents a picture of English country life and of an old English family divided against itself, its younger members rising in revolt against the old-fashioned ideas and prejudices of their elders. This has been the theme of several recent plays, but the treatment of it by Miss Unger is said to be completely original.

Martin Harvey has been obliged to postpone his production of "Hamlet" indefinitely, as Max Reinhardt, who was to superintend the scenic work, finds it impossible to visit London for the purpose at the time agreed upon. This is all the more unfortunate as Mr. Harvey had obtained the London Opera House, whose spacious stage was essential to his design. He has decided now to defer the revival of the tragedy, especially as Forbes Robertson has selected it for the opening play of his forthcoming farewell engagement at Drury Lane.

For their second production this season, the Incorporated Stage Society of London have settled on "The Brothers Karamazov," a drama in five acts, founded by Jacques Coupeau and Jean Croué on the original of Dostoievsky, and translated by Christopher St. John.

In February Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton will reappear in London after long absence in South Africa. They are to play the hero and heroine in a version of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" at a series of Palladium matinées. The production will be on big spectacular lines—a romantic drama in the vein of "Drake," full of color, excitement, and romance.

Frederick Harrison's plans for the London Haymarket Theatre are indefinite at present owing to the continued popularity of Stanley Houghton's Lancashire comedy, "The Younger Generation." It is understood, however, that he has Ibsen's "The Pretenders," in a forward state of preparation. Laurence Irving's appearance in the part of the Bishop will be a special feature.

J. T. Grein announces his revival in London of the Independent Theatre which gave its last performance in May, 1897. The first performance of the new series will take place in February, the programme consisting of "A Paladine," translated from the Dutch of Mrs. Simons-Maes by Alix and J. T. Grein, with Henri de Vries in the leading part; and in March Mr. Michael Morton's version of MM. Maurice Donnay and Lucien Descaves's "Oiseaux de Passage" will be given. The programme will be presented on week-days, beginning at 4:30 P. M.

Ottilie Metzger, who appears with the New York Philharmonic, is the successor of Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mme. Matzenauer at the Hamburg Opera. At the last Bayreuth Wagner Festival she was pronounced "one of the few great artists who are the mainstay of the festival, with but one competitor, Schumann-Heink." Last October, when Caruso sang in Hamburg as "guest," Ottilie Metzger, it is reported, fully shared the honors with him; and at the Bremen Opera, where both appeared as "guests" in "Carmen," she repeated the success. In London, Berlin, and Vienna she is recognized as one of the foremost artists of the day. These will be Mme. Metzger's only American appearances, as she comes under exclusive contract with the Philharmonic and is obliged to return at once to resume her European engagements.

The New York Symphony Orchestra opens its second series of eight subscription concerts on Sunday afternoon, January 26. Some of the soloists who will appear during this second series are Eugène Ysaye, John McCormack, Ernesto Consolo, George Barrère, Gustave Langeus, and Willem Durieux; and Elena Gerhardt, Julia Culp, Frances Alda, and Cornelia Rider Possart. In the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Prelude, "A Page from Homer," the Symphony Society will have the assistance of the St. Cecilia Club, Victor Harris conductor. Several interesting novelties will be heard, among them Jean Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, to be given for the first time in America, and "A Fairy Tale," by Mr. Victor Kolar, a member of the orchestra. Eugène Ysaye will play the Brahms violin concerto. The concert on January 26 will be devoted to Bach and Debussy. Ernesto Consolo will play Bach's D minor concerto for piano, and George Barrère will be the soloist in the Suite for Flute and Orchestra by the same composer, and also in the Minuet and an Arabesque by Debussy. The orchestral numbers will be Bach's first Brandenburg Concerto and Debussy's "L'après-midi d'un Faune" and "Marche écossaise."

American singers are, year by year, gaining ground in the various European opera houses, there being hardly one, at the present moment, where some of the artists have not been recruited from across the ocean. Even so conservative a capital as Vienna, where in the old days singers like Minnie Hauk or Charles Adams were the exceptions, has opened its doors with ever growing hospitality to young aspirants. A new addition to the list is a young lady coming from Lima, O., and calling herself, after the precedent of Melba, by the name of her native town. After studying in Paris, she went to Orgenyi, the famous teacher who instructed Edyth Walker, Maud Fay, and other successful stars, and, her studies completed, has now appeared at the Vienna Opera House as Mimi and Micaela, and has stood the ordeal of comparisons with the prime favorite, Selma Kurz, in a manner that bids fair to bring her to the fore ere long.

Before leaving for America, Felix Weingartner personally introduced one of his most recent compositions to the Vienna public, a "Comedy Overture," which he conducted at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Its reception was as flattering as even so fêted a musician as Weingartner could desire; the new opus possessing, above all, the quality of being essentially pleasing. Unlike much in modern music, it sets no indecipherable problems, but is as clear in its structure as it is effective in its scoring. Its themes are ushered in by one conceived much in the vein of Richard Strauss, when in a frolicsome mood, and then follows one of those catching waltz tunes for which the composer has a decided taste. By way of contrast is added an Hungarian March, with an incisive rhythm, which, blended with the dance measures, leads up to a finale that, though it may not boast profundity, with its stirring sweep gives a capable orchestra, as well as a conductor such as Weingartner, ample opportunity for distinguishing work.

New York has robbed Berlin not only of its favorite singers (Farrar, Destinn, Hempel, Goritz, Griswold), but of its best conductors—Carl Muck and Josef Stransky. The latest wail that comes from the German metropolis is uttered by *Die Zeit am Montag.* After criticising sharply a recent performance of the "Rheingold," given at the Royal Opera, it says: "In comparison I have still vividly in mind Josef Stransky's great work in conducting Wagner operas here. It is a pity that this genial conductor

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was not obtained by the Royal Opera. Now that he has become the successor of Gustav Mahler in New York, and, as such, is highly prized, it would undoubtedly be difficult to get him back, especially as his income in that position is larger than that of all our Berlin Royal Opera conductors combined."

Art

DEGAS'S ART AND ITS VALUE.

PARIS, January 8.

A painting by Degas of two ballet-dancers doing their practice at a bar along a straight blank wall, with a water-sprinkler on the dusty floor behind them, was sold last month from the Rouart collection for something above $90,000—and its aged painter could only remark dryly: "I sold it for 500 francs." He is a philosopher, nearly eighty, and almost blind. For years he has given issue to his artistic genius by working with his fingers little statuettes. Meanwhile, the careless art-gazers of Paris have let him slip more or less from their memory.

The international art-dealing house of Durand-Ruel has bought the picture, so it is said, for an American collector. I remember seeing, a dozen years ago or more, some sixteen paintings and pastel designs by Degas in the Paris showroom of that house. It was commonly said among connoisseurs at the time that the house was making one of its accustomed corners in his works. If so, it is nearly time to unload. This artist will never have a greater advertisement; and his pastels and designs in the same sale have gone at similar top-notch prices. It seems a pity, as in other cases of the kind, that he is the one not to profit by all this unearned increment for those who pocket the money.

Soon after Alfred Sisley's death, one of his pictures was sold for 29,000 francs. Not so many years before, he had himself sold it for 80 francs. His need at the end was so great that friends were obliged to contribute money that he might die comfortably, and his daughter was left in destitution. About that time, a struggling young painter, who is still living and still struggling, had an exhibition of his works in a little Paris Gallery, put at his disposal by a quaint old character who liked to help young men to get a start. I was informed I could get my choice among the pictures for 80 francs without a frame, or 120 francs framed. Only the next year I was consulted by a New York friend about a purchase he had made for his collection. The art dealer had assured him my 80-franc friend was the coming man in French painting, and sold him one of the very pictures offered to me for $16 for the slightly different price of $800. When this painter is dead or disabled, perhaps there will be a corner in his works, also.

This sort of thing has started the question whether some copyright might not be invented, by which an artist should receive a percentage of the increased value of his work at each successive sale. Two per cent. is the modest rate mentioned. Artists who are clever enough to do their own advertising do not need such protection. Yet even some of the portrait painters who have "done" our millionaires at royal prices—no, at prices of the newly rich of a republic—complain they had to divide up with an art-broker for a commission of one-half or three-fifths; for example, $3,000 out of the $5,000 or $6,000 they were supposed to be paid. It is an old story, not likely to be mended.

Degas is understood to have expressed the opinion that no picture could be worth such monstrous sums. Clearly, his genius does not extend to our social economy and its laws of demand. And he does not understand what demand has been created for his paintings in the Anglo-Saxon world and in Germany. It will now spread to France, where keen-eyed and open-minded critics have recognized Degas's merit from the start.

Twenty years ago, I remember, the uneasy English sought to find in him the new art-light—and they succeeded in reading into his work more than was there. He had been painting since Manet's time, but they were only beginning to hear of him. They associated him with all that was unconventional and unfelt by the Philistine—with forgotten La Mélinite, who was improvising her goose-steps on the Jardin de Paris dancing-pave; with Ibsen, who was running his course, and young Maeterlinck, who was beginning to run, and with Toulouse-Lautrec's colored poster for the Moulin Rouge. All these were worthy in their kind and have gone off in the passing show, except Maeterlinck, who is only now coming into his own in France—and Degas, who has continued to puzzle critics.

He never exhibited at the Salons. His work is not beautiful, if in beauty you look for a bit of sentiment. The nearest approach to it is in his pink-gray danseuse who whirls fluffily to the footlights in his picture in the Luxembourg Gallery—and critics remind me that this is not regarded as his best work.

The truth is, any human eye, with patience to look, can see the unique excellence of Degas's art. No label is needed—Impressionist, or any other—to make the public mind easy. One of his pictures that made most impression when he was still painting years ago was his usual ballet-dancer stooping to tie her shoe. Said another painter: "That perspective of the shoulder blades with the varying planes has not been equalled since Michael Angelo." Very likely—and perhaps there is not a painter to-day who could paint the water-can of the picture just sold in its true perspective on the floor, with the flat wall and bar and extended leg of the dancer.

If critics who talk glibly about the New Art think it is easy to realize these problems of perspective, that is, changing surfaces to be represented to the eye by light lines and color, let them have their painters try to do what Degas did three art-generations ago. Impressionist or not, his chief excellence is in design. And this technical triumph, to one who knows its difficulty, is interesting to the point of intellectual beauty. Gauss said he had his highest sense of beauty from the theory of hydraulics, which he had simplified into one satisfying conception letting the pent-up spirit through into something more than mathematical infinity.

The world may or may not find in Degas the revelation of New Art after which it is forever straining; but surely he has loved and feasted his eyes on the old classic art of the ballet of our grandfathers. It is hard to conceive what new-fangled Russian dancers would look like on canvases painted by him. Perhaps more like the circus riders whom he also painted in his forgotten days—for that is most likely to be an object of New Art as the vision of Beauty changes.

S. D.

Houghton Mifflin will bring out, February 1, "The Letters of a Post-Impressionist: Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent van Gogh."

"Fromentin" will be added shortly by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series.

In the course of the excavations at Ostia, near Rome, an important discovery has been made. Near the theatre came to light a head of a youth, broken from a statue, of the style of the fifth century B. C. It reproduces a type which is generally associated with the sculptor Kalamis.

Commendatore Boni is carrying on his excavations on the Palatine with interesting results. He has made a thorough examination of the ruins of an ancient house, which he believes to have been the one inhabited by Tiberius and Julia, the daughter of Augustus. This house shows signs of unusual luxury, which corresponds well with what we know of the character of Julia. There is a long bath with arrangements for a douche, and a hot and cold-water supply; there is a species of marble waterfall over which the water was to pass; also an underground staircase with stucco ornamentation. In the house were found coins of Agrippa, Germanicus, and Tiberius, fragments of glass and of Megarian pottery, and some pieces of a beautiful marble pottery. Moreover, an underground cell has been opened beneath the floor of the house, which may possibly be the prison in which—as Tacitus tells us—the young Drusus was starved to death in A. D. 33.

During the archæological work at present proceeding near the entrance of the Viale Guido Baccelli (formerly Via Appia)

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some workmen discovered an earthenware urn full of gold coins. The coins, which include valuable and rare fifteenth-century specimens of the Papal Mint of Florence, have been placed in the National Museum.

Two officers, while reconnoitring from a dirigible over the Tripoli desert beyond Zavia, discovered a ruined city, which has been tentatively identified as Sabatta, a flourishing colony in the days of Imperial Rome. The ruins are imposing and well preserved; they include numerous marble statues, twenty of which are still standing on their pedestals. The ruined city will shortly be explored.

Finance

NEW JERSEY'S CORPORATION LAWS

No doubt the chief source of interest on the general public's part, in the proposed revision of New Jersey's corporation laws, arises from the fact that the new bills have Gov. Wilson's official approval. From this it is naturally inferred that the pending proposals foreshadow the corporation policy of the national Administration after the fourth of March. The seven new corporation bills announced at Trenton on Monday are, however, designed specifically for the reform of abuses in the existing New Jersey statutes. In their prohibitory clauses, they follow to a large extent the footsteps of the Federal Anti-Trust law as interpreted by the courts.

But the obnoxious acts are defined more explicitly than in the Federal Anti-Trust law. The New Jersey bills provide that "any combination or agreement between two or more corporations, firms, or persons to create restrictions in trade, to limit production or increase prices, to prevent competition in manufacturing, transporting, or selling any commodity, to fix any standard or figure whereby prices to the public shall in any manner be controlled, to make any agreement which shall directly or indirectly preclude a free and unrestricted competition among themselves or any purchasers or consumers, to make any secret oral agreement or arrive at an understanding without express agreement whereby the same thing is accomplished," shall be dealt with as an offence punishable by revocation of a guilty company's charter or by imprisonment of a guilty individual. In this proviso, as in the others, however, the new bills are pretty much in line with the present attitude of most States of the Union. The bills, it is announced at Trenton, were drafted by two eminent judicial authorities, Chancellor Walker and ex-Judge Van Syckel, both of the New Jersey courts; it is fair to presume, therefore, that they were constructed with a view to maintaining the just interests of the general public and to avoiding constitutional obstacles.

The most interesting aspect of the New Jersey proposals lies in the fact that they are made in New Jersey, Gov. Wilson did not overstate the case a whit in his annual message of last week, when he asserted that "the laws of New Jersey as they stand, so far from checking monopoly, actually encourage it." Those laws were enacted in the early nineties, for the avowed purpose of attracting to New Jersey, for incorporation, mergers and combinations which could not find other States with laws sufficiently lax to suit their purposes. Briefly stated, they authorized the chartering of corporations with power to do pretty much anything. Under the charters granted, not only may the companies engage in such business as they choose, but they may do so merely by purchasing and holding the shares of other companies. Their powers in that regard are virtually unlimited; they may even buy and sell their own outstanding shares in the open market.

Under the New Jersey corporation law, virtually all of the huge industrial combinations of the fifteen past years were chartered—including three which the United States Supreme Court has since forced into dissolution. The Standard Oil combination, the American Tobacco, the United States Steel, the International Mercantile Marine, the American Can, the American Woollen, are a few of the companies which obtained New Jersey charters. Counsel for the Northern Securities admitted, in the dissolution suit, that it was hypothetically possible, under the New Jersey charter of that company, for a small group of individuals, with a comparatively small amount of personal capital, to hold control of all the railways in the United States. These extraordinary charters, it is important to observe, were such as Wall Street, prior to the adoption of the New Jersey laws around 1893, had supposed no corporation in the United States could exercise. It would be difficult to say how much of the wild orgy of company promotion and stock speculation, from 1899 to 1901 inclusive, was directly due to mischievous facilities granted by New Jersey.

That the laws—an admitted reproach and disgrace to the State which had passed them—would sooner or later be swept off the statute-books, was a foregone conclusion in the present public temper on such questions. If the legislation now proposed is enacted, however, New Jersey will take her place as a leader of constructive legislation in restraint of the very monopolies which she has fostered and encouraged for the past two decades. These bills attempt nothing retroactive. The great holding companies chartered under the former laws may retain the stocks of other companies which they have bought in accordance with those laws; but they must buy no more, and no company shall be organized hereafter with any such power. Mergers of corporations, without recourse to the holding-company device, are still to be permitted, but only on the written approval of the Public Utilities Commissioners of the State.

The further provision that, in purchases of the sort, "no fictitious stock shall be issued; that no stock shall be issued for profits not yet earned, but only anticipated; that when stock is issued on the basis of the stock of any other corporation purchased, no stock shall be issued therefor in an amount greater than the sum actually paid for such stock in cash or its equivalent," does not nowadays sound very revolutionary. But to understand the conditions and possibilities which it sweeps away, one has only to recall the late John W. Gates's recapitalization of his $24,000,000 Illinois Steel & Wire Company into a $90,000,000 New Jersey corporation—in the course of which transformation, in 1899, some $26,000,000 of the stock went to destinations never afterward accounted for. The country has lived through an instructive experience since then.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abram, A. English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages. Dutton. $2 net.
Akers, C. E. A History of South America, 1854-1904. Dutton. $6 net.
Alexander, Miriam. The Port of Dreams. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Amundsen, Roald. The South Pole. 2 vols. Lee Keedick. $10.
Art Museums and Schools: Four Lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum. Scribner. $1 net.
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Baedeker's Northern Italy, 1913 edition. Scribner. $2.40.
Baker, A. L. Thick-Lens Optics. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
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Bodley, J. E. C. Cardinal Manning, The Decay of Idealism in France, The Institute of France: Three Essays. Longmans. $3 net.
Brachvogel, Udo. Gedichte. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Buckrose, J. E. The Browns. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. IX, From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift. Putnam.
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Day, Lal Behari. Folk Tales of Bengal. Illus. by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. $5.25 net.
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George, W. L. Until the Day Break. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Gookin, F. W. Daniel Gookin, His Life and Letters, 1612-1687. Chicago: Privately printed.
Gordon, A. L. Poems. Arranged by Douglas Sladen. Putnam.
Hall, John. England and the Orleans Monarchy. Dutton. $4 net.
Hall, M. E. Candy-Making Revolutionized. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.
Harnack, Adolf. Bible Reading in the Early Church. Trans. by J. R. Wilkinson. Putnam.
Harris, J. H. Dawn in Darkest Africa. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Heaton's Annual, the Commercial Handbook of Canada. Ninth year, 1913. Toronto: Heaton's Agency. $1 net.
Hidden, A. W. The Ottoman Dynasty: A History of the Sultans of Turkey. Revised edition. Polhemus Printing Co. $4.
Hilliers, Ashton. Who Laughs Last. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Holbach, M. M. Bible Ways in Bible Lands. Dutton, $1.75 net.
Hornaday, W. T. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Horne, C. S. David Livingstone. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Hughes, Rupert. Music Lovers' Cyclopedia. Doubleday, Page.
James, A. L. The Chafing-Dish and Sandwiches. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Johnson, V. W. A Lift on the Road. A. S. Barnes Co.
Jones, W. T. An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy. Putnam.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia—1702-3-1705, 1705-1706, 1710-1712. Richmond.
Larned, L. H. The New Hostess of Today. Scribner. $1.50 net.
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Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army. Index-Catalogue. Second series, Vol. XVII—Suaheli—Testut. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Lincoln-Douglas Debates, 1858. Introduction by G. H. Putnam. Putnam.
Loeb Classical Library. Appian's Roman History, Vol. II; Euripides, Vols. III and IV; Catullus, Tibullus, Pervigilium Veneris. Macmillan. $1.50 net, each.
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Naidu, Sarojini. The Bird of Time: Songs of Life, Death, and the Spring. Lane. $1 net.
Navy Yearbook, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Olafsson, Jon. Ordabok Islenzkrar Tungu. Reykjavik: Prentsmidjan Gutenberg.
Owen, W. B. The Humanities in the Education of the Future. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.
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Rice, J. M. Scientific Management in Education. Publishers Printing Co. $1.25 net.
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Sedelmeyer, Charles. The Adulteress Before Christ, A Picture by Rembrandt: An Open Letter to Dr. Abraham Bredius. Paris: The Author.
Smith, F. B. A Man's Religion. Association Press.
Stiles, G. K. The Dragoman: A Novel. Harper. $1.30 net.
Sykes, M. Source Book of Problems for Geometry. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Tennyson, A. B. S. A Legend of Old Persia, and Other Poems. Lane. $1 net.
The Worship of Gaud, by a Preferer of God. Bookery Publishing Co.
Thomson, M. H. Environment and Efficiency. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Troeltsch, Ernst. Protestantism and Progress. Translated by W. Montgomery. Putnam.
Truxton Beale Prize Essays on Tolstoy's What Shall We Do Then? Vol. 1. Berkeley University of California Press.
Tyler, M. W. Recollections of the Civil War. Putnam.
What to Read on Business. Business Book Bureau.
Wilson, H. L. Bunker Bean. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
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